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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1900

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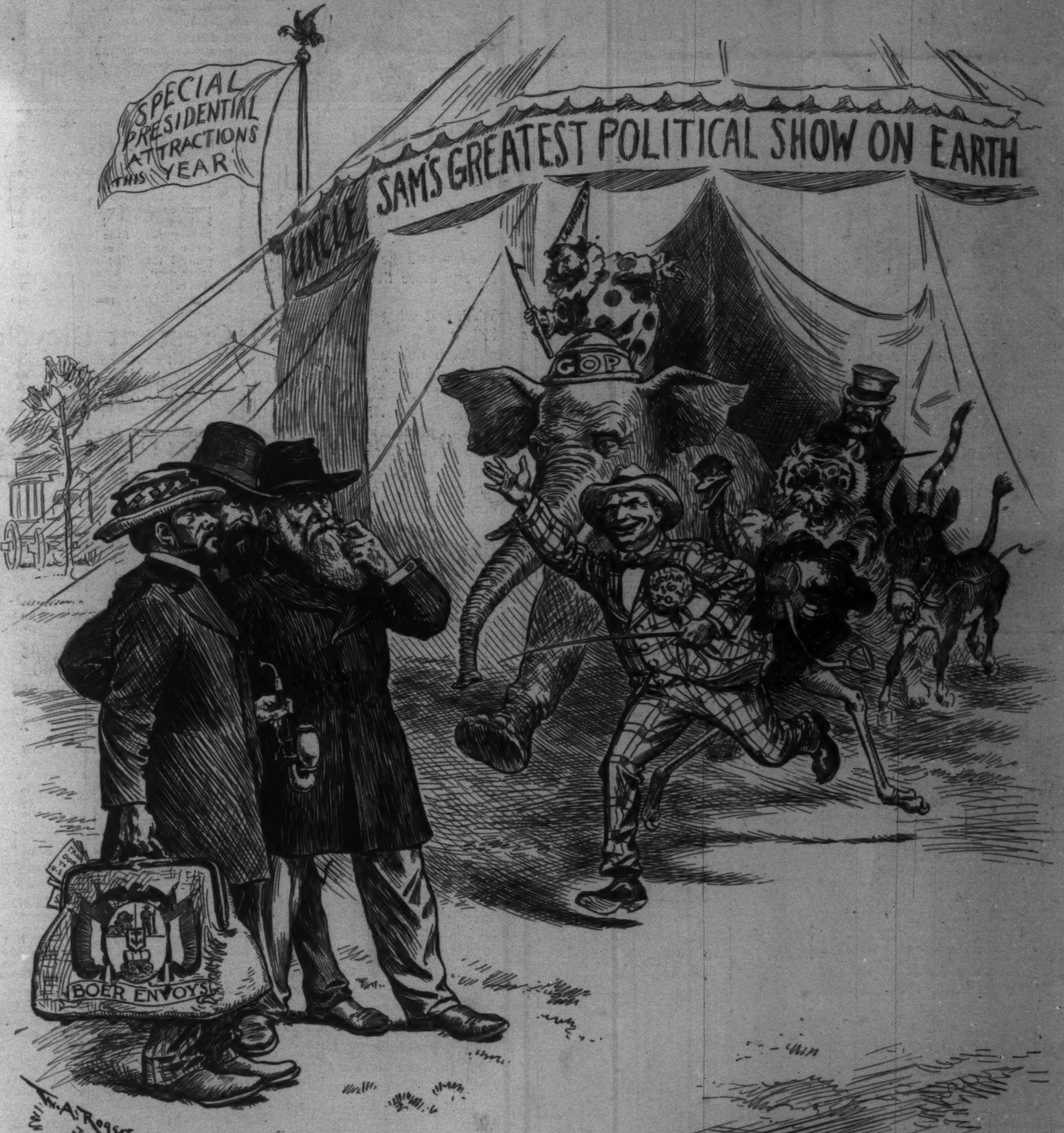
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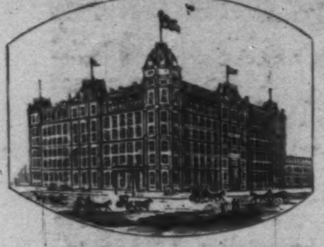

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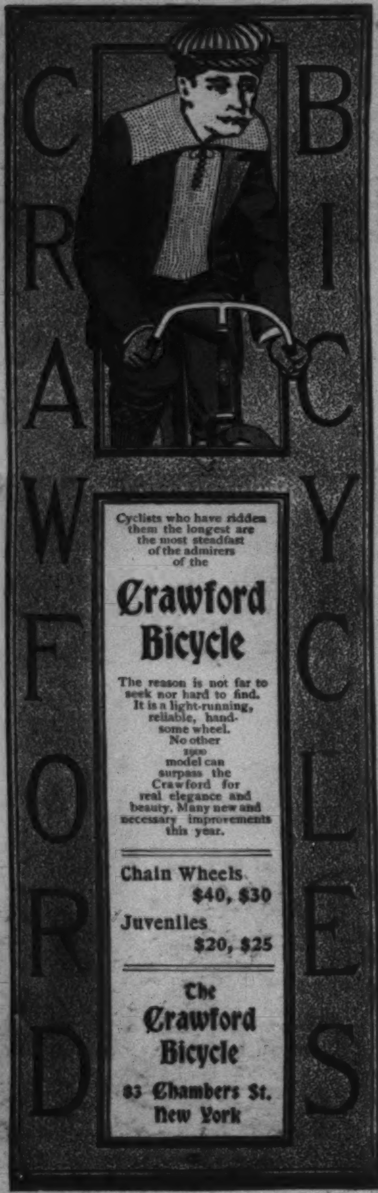

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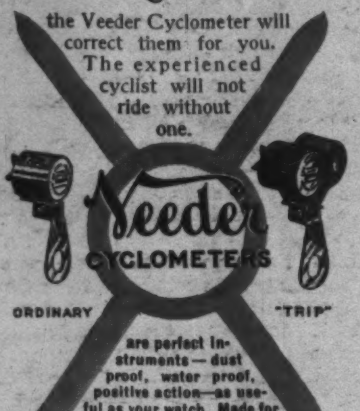

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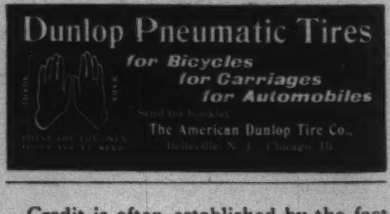

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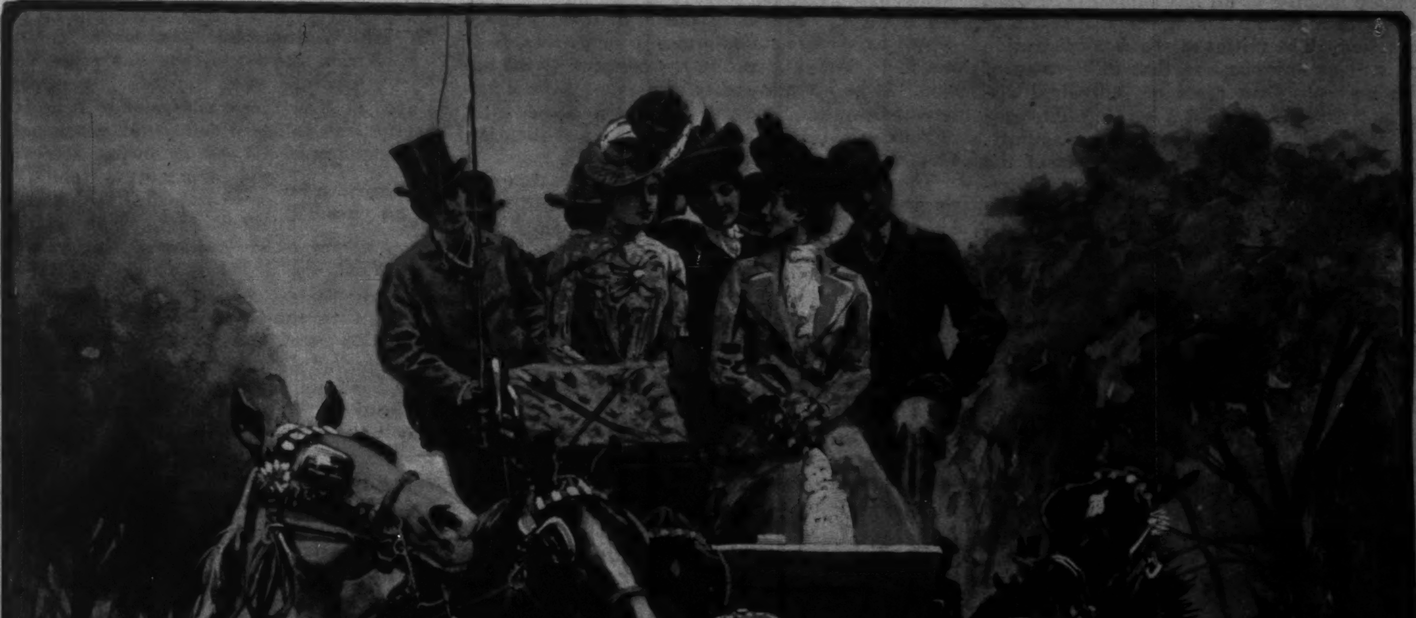
HARPER'S WEEKLY

May 26
1900

CONTENTS

PAGE
A Warm Welcome. *Cartoon.* W. A. ROGERS. . 473
The Coaching Season in New York. MAX F. KLEPPER. 475
Editorials. 476
Our Future Colonial Policy. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW. With Cartoon Comments by W. A. ROGERS. . 477
Bungao. Drawn by WILLIAM BENGOUGH 477
Some Odd Corners at the Paris Exposition . . 478
Photographs by JAMES BURTON.
The Present Appearance of the Exposition. EDWARD INSLEY. With Sketches by E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN . 479
The Coming Total Solar Eclipse. Prof. HAROLD JACOBY. Illustrated with Photographs 480
Besieged in Kimberley. Illustrated with Photographs taken by Dr. E. OLIVER ASHE during the Siege. 481
The War in South Africa. Drawings by G. H. GRANT . 483
Sight-seers of all Nations. Drawn by E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN. 484

PAGE
Chloris of the Island. VIII. H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. With Illustrations by C. E. and H. M. BROCK . 486
New York's New Custom House. Drawn by VICTOR PERARD. 487
Barberini Tapestries at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. LIDA ROSE MCCABE. 488
This Busy World. E. S. MARTIN 489
The Message of President McKinley. Senor APOLINARIO MABINI. Illustrated with Portrait . . . 490
Sketch of Senor Mabini's Life. WM. DINWIDDIE . 491
The Populist Conventions. J. D. WHELPLEY. Illustrated with Photographs 492
Mr. Dooley: On Marriage and Politics. F. P. DUNNE 493
Notes of a Bookman. E. D. BEACH 494
Finance. AMOS K. FISKE 495



THE COACHING SEASON IN NEW YORK.

A QUICK CHANGE ON THE ROAD.—DRAWN BY MAX F. KLEPPER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 26, 1900

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Cuban Complications

DEPLORABLE as are the scandals in the Cuban Postal Department, we cannot say that the enemies of the Administration or certain flaw-seeking Cubans are very wise in showing such unctuous satisfaction over the turn things have taken. Only a perverted mind can derive pleasure from contemplating the backslidings of public officials, and beyond these nothing at all has happened in Cuba which calls for a demonstration either of regret or of satisfaction. The critics of the Administration know as well as any one else that these cases of theft are no more than cases of individual dishonesty in trusted persons of a sort which comes up day after day in every business community. They know perfectly well that not an iota of the scandal of their behavior was attachable to the authorities at Washington from the moment that the authorities at Washington, having learned of the dishonorable practices of their employees, set in operation the processes of the law by which the guilty office-holders shall be brought to book. It is perhaps natural to expect that the opposition will make the most of whatever political weapons these scandals place at its command, and no one suspects its leaders of any wish to be over-nice in the method of their use. It is nevertheless a great pity that with such vexing problems as now confront the authorities the state of the political mind is such that in matters outside of our own internal affairs every shoulder is not patriotically put to the wheel to push these through to a conclusion which shall be creditable to the people as a unit, and not as a house divided against itself. The ill-timed glee of the hostile critics is far more discreditable to themselves than the mistakes which have been made at Havana can possibly become to the authorities, unless in the making of future appointments the latter fail to avail themselves of the lesson to be learned from the present rather bitter experience.

As far as the Cuban rejoicements are concerned, we do not believe that they are sufficiently numerous to be worthy of much attention. Possibly a few disappointed office-seekers, themselves out for plunder, are happy over the situation, but beyond these it is unlikely that the reported Cuban complacence cuts any sort of a figure; but even if it does, it offers us an opportunity to show these gentlemen in a most emphatic manner the difference between American and Spanish methods. Spanish looting was an inevitable result of Spanish rule, and no amount of protest served to ameliorate the intolerable conditions which it brought into being. On the other hand, American looting is merely an incident of American rule, and by the degree of swiftness and sureness with which the guilty are punished we shall be judged. With men like General Wood, Postmaster-General Smith, and Secretary Root in control, we have little fear as to the speedy triumph of justice, and we may all comfort ourselves with the thought that a better opportunity for a telling object-lesson has rarely arisen.

The Reincarnation of Clark

WE shall be quite interested to see what treatment Mr. Clark of Montana receives from the United States Senate, now that, having been compelled to resign his seat in that body to escape expulsion, he appears once more seeking admission, armed with credentials from the Lieutenant-Governor of his State. Just before resigning his office Mr. Clark made a most affecting farewell address, and one felt rather sorry over the pathetic figure he cut. It seemed really too bad that a confiding and unsophisticated gentleman, who had in him so many of the elements of unmitigated innocence, had, through no fault of his own, got himself into so unfortunate a predicament. It is a terrible thing for so pure and undefiled a specimen of humanity to find himself the helpless victim of so damning a combination of circumstances as that which made Mr. Clark appear unfit to remain a Senator. When the truth flashed over us that here was a righteous citizen struggling against the evils of infortuitous circumstance, it was a positive pleasure to learn that after resigning his post he was made the recipient of an ovation at the hands of his former fellow-Senators, due, of course, to his personal character, and not in any sense to the act which appeared to have crowned his public career.

But Mr. Clark's subsequent appointment to his recently vacated seat in the Senate by the Lieutenant-Governor of Montana gives a new aspect to the case. Far be it from us to assert that the honorable gentleman, whose taking off so became him, was aware in that moment of renunciation of what was in store for him—even to suggest such a thing would be an act of unspeakable meanness—but the fact remains that the records of the United States Senate are explicit in the case of Mr. Clark, and it does not seem proper that, however wrong these may be, that gentleman on the questionable assertion of one man, himself only technically a properly constituted power, should be permitted to take his seat in the upper hall of Congress. If Mr. Clark was guilty of corrupting the legislators of his State, as charged in the indictment and accepted by the Senate as proven conclusively, he is not fit to occupy a seat in the councils of the nation. If he was not guilty, the occasion for Lieutenant-Governor Spriggs's appointment was a bit of rank injustice, which the Senators owe it to Mr. Clark as well as to themselves to rectify.

There is a tangled skein here that needs to be unravelled with some care. A man who will bribe has no more business in the Senate than a man who will marry three wives simultaneously has in the House of Representatives, and if the one is adjudged morally unfit to sit in the Lower House of Congress, so should the other be adjudged unfit to sit in the Upper House.

Public Opinion and the Ice Trust

ONE of our contemporaries avers that it is impossible to say whether the concession of the Ice Trust in providing five-cent lumps of ice of fifteen pounds weight each for the suffering public is due to an awakening of conscience, to a wholesome regard for public opinion, or to the unusual temperature which prevailed in the neighborhood of its stockholders last week for three successive and oppressive days. Why should it be impossible to say this, when it is as clear as daylight that it is to public opinion and to neither of the others that the concession is due? It is true that the people alleged to be back of the institution have never seemed to care much for public opinion in the past, but the fact is nevertheless clear, since the other two alternatives are absolute impossibilities. You cannot awaken something that does not exist. Any hotel porter will tell you that to rap on a room door when there is nobody inside is a vain performance, but it is a serious and useful occupation alongside of trying to awaken a Tammany conscience. As for the temperature of the city last week having anything to do with the yielding of these gentlemen, any one who has ever seen a Tammany politician in midsummer, clad in a frock-coat and a white satin tie and a black silk chimney-pot hat, knows that heat possesses no terror for his soul. If it did, he would lead a different life while on this side of the Stygian River.

These people have yielded to public opinion, and to the terrors of a bogie-man of their own creation. Having built up a trust goblin to frighten other people, it has turned upon and rent them. They have been damning trusts for years, and when they started in to make one of their own they fashioned it after the most iniquitous of their imaginings. They have established a monopoly which actually does work for sin and for suffering, and through its instrumentality they have found out at last that there is a point beyond which even they, with the hosts of corruption and ignorance behind them politically, may not go.

There is no conscience or human sympathy about this trust's concessions; it is fear, pure and simple, that has done the job.

Public opinion at last cuts ice with Tammany.

Anti-Bank Agitators

AMONG the objects of obloquy of late years has been the Bank. A large number of people who borrow money to pay their debts, having accomplished this purpose, like to feel themselves free from all obligations forever after, and are, therefore, inclined to resent the Bank's subsequent insistence upon a return of the moneys advanced. From one end of the country to another there are to be found individuals who clamor about these institutions, and who wish to have them abolished—or "regulated," as some of them put it. The fact that these people are for the most part debtors with little inclination to pay up, or those who have no personal credit upon which to borrow, matters little. There are enough of them to attract the favorable attention of the politicians, and we find one or two of the parties catering to their vote. It is just as well, therefore, at this time to call attention to the fact that a number of the old-time anti-bank agitators are facing about and are beginning to give credit to their creditors, and for the simple reason that they are discovering that the institutions they have so vociferously maligned in the past offer them more advantageous terms in the matter of loans than those which formerly accommodated them. It would appear that there is nothing like percentages to change a man's political views, and if it be true, as is reported, that the Western banks are refunding certain mortgages for the benefit of the mortgageor at a saving of from one to three per cent., we may soon expect to find a marked subsidence in the clamor which has prevailed in the past against these most worthy and useful institutions.

A Suggestion for the Envoys

THE distinguished gentlemen from South Africa who reached our shores last week were accorded a most courteous reception by the Mayor of New York, who rose to heights of urbanity and polish which could never have been predicated upon his past manners. Messrs. Fischer, Wolmarans, and Wessels were presented with the freedom of the city, which entitles them to go wherever they choose at their own expense, and to eat, drink, and be merry in their own way without cost to the tax-payers. It was altogether fitting that this warm welcome should be extended to them, and we trust they will continue to be made welcome wherever they may go. Until they have got their political bearings we should advise them to proceed with caution, and that they may not be wholly idle during their period of study and observation, perhaps they might do well to take charge of the committee having their welcome in charge. There are not wanting signs that the Dutch and Irish members of that honorable body stand in need of judicious mediation, which, if not provided quickly, may make necessary a kind of forcible intervention having embarrassing features.

We would suggest that the Boer envoys call a meeting of the committee, and as a measure of reconciliation secure the services of Mr. Bourke Cockran to address them, and of Mr. Edwin Markham to read them a poem. All differences would then be forgotten in a common misery.

The Restoration of Admiral Dewey

WE fancy there are many of our fellow-citizens who would like to join us in three times three and a tiger for Admiral Dewey if the report is true that he has said "he doesn't know what prompted him to aspire to the Presidency." As a matter of fact, Dewey was about the only man in the country in whom Presidential aspirations seemed to indicate lack of ambition. As an Admiral he was the pride of everybody, and we all felt that at last here was a man who was far beyond the reach of politics; who had attained, sentimentally at least, to the highest position in the gift of the people; and who was likely, if his future could be judged from his past, to prove himself equal to any emergency which might arise. He spoke so seldom, but so forcefully when he did speak, that no one feared that the lustre of Admiral Dewey's fame would ever be tarnished by any injudicious word or act of his own, and this was a refreshing and reassuring situation to those who had seen with regret the fading of the laurels of Hobson, and who were disgusted with the quarrels of Admirals Schley and Sampson. The one great figure was Dewey. To have the idol totter and fall in the twinkling of an eye was appalling; but the worst has not happened. The idol is not smashed, and by judicious action, of which his latest reported utterance gives promise, he will soon be found back upon the pedestal where he belongs, his error forgotten and the old-time unanimity of affectionate esteem restored to him.

We like him better as an instrument of Providence than as a tool of the politicians.

CUBA
PORTO RICO
PHILIPPINES
HAWAII

OUR FUTURE COLONIAL POLICY

BY CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

In considering the question of the future colonial policy of the United States it is necessary to first review briefly the position in which the country finds itself to-day.

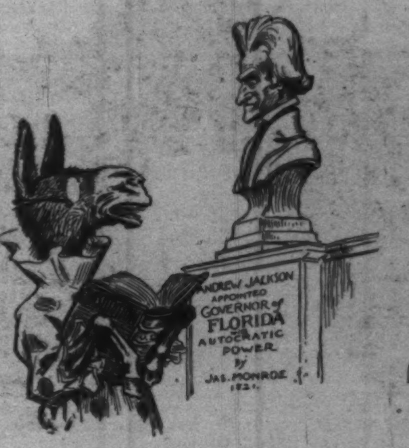
Our success in the Spanish war and the utter collapse of the Spanish defence placed in our hands Cuba, Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippine Islands. We took Cuba under a specific pledge, which we are rapidly fulfilling, of pacification, restoration of order, the establishment of law and justice and representative government, to be followed by our retirement, leaving the island in the hands of its own people as an independent power. Porto Rico, Guam, and the Philippines became ours by conquest and by treaty. We hold and must govern them under the provisions of the Constitution authorizing the acquisition and disposition of property by the United States, and making treaties the supreme law of the land.

Upon the ratification of the treaty these islands became the property of the United States according to its terms. I know of no power by which they can be either alienated or placed in independent possession as sovereign powers, the operation of the treaty clause in the Constitution having permanently attached them to the United States upon the ratification of the treaty.

Now as to the question of government: they must be governed as dependencies or colonies. The power to so govern them without extending the Constitution over them was admitted and exercised without dispute in the government of Louisiana by officers appointed by the President; a similar rule was exercised by Monroe without dispute when he made General Jackson the Governor of Florida with autocratic power. The doctrine now advocated that the Constitution extends by its own force over all territory acquired, carrying with it all the laws of the United States and making acquired territory as much part of the country as any of the States, was never heard of or suggested until the year 1849, when John C. Calhoun invented the doctrine for the purpose of carrying slavery into all the territories of the United States. This suggestion of Mr. Calhoun's was made for the purpose of cutting out of our territories slave States, so as to maintain the equilibrium between the slave and free States. The doctrine never received the sanction of the Supreme Court. It was vigorously assailed by Mr. Lincoln in his debates with Douglas, and denounced in the national platform on which Mr. Lincoln was nominated in 1860.

This issue split the Democratic party in 1860, those who contended for the Calhoun idea sustaining Breckenridge, and the majority of the party sustaining Mr. Douglas upon the doctrine of squatter sovereignty, which was simply dodging the whole question. Recently Judge Lacombe, in the United States Court of New York, upon the question raised by the tariff on goods coming from Porto Rico, decided that the Constitution does not extend by its own force over the new territories, but that they are to be treated as foreign countries, except so far as Congress extends the laws of the United States over them. In other words, Congress has absolute power to provide such government as it sees fit for these new territories, and also the power to impose any tariff restrictions against them that it deems wise and in the interests of the industries and labor of the United States to enact.

The cry of imperialism in governing these islands without representation in Congress and by officers appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate can be urged with equal force against precisely the same government which was inaugurated and established in all our territories, commencing with Thomas Jefferson. The other charge that we establish a pure despotism is more absurd. In making laws the Constitution does not extend except by legislation over these new acquisitions. All its restrictions are binding upon the Congress of the United States. Neither Congress nor the President can have any government in these islands which violates the restrictions of the Constitution. Interference with free speech, freedom of the press, equality before the law, equal laws, and several other restrictions so bind the governing power that they constitute inalienable rights to the inhabitants of all territories which come into the possession and under the power of the United States. The Democratic contention is the Calhoun doctrine. They say that the Constitution and the laws of the United States extended and became operative over all these islands the moment that they became ours and the transaction was completed by the treaty in session. That therefore their people have the same rights, immunities, and powers as the citizens of the State of New York; that intercommunication and free movement of commerce must be the same as between the States; that as this would involve the introduction into the United States of the products of these islands raised by practically pauper labor, to compete with our own products and labor, the only safety for our people is to at once get rid of them by handing them over to the inhabitants for any government that the inhabitants may provide for themselves, simply guaranteeing that no power shall seize and subjugate them.

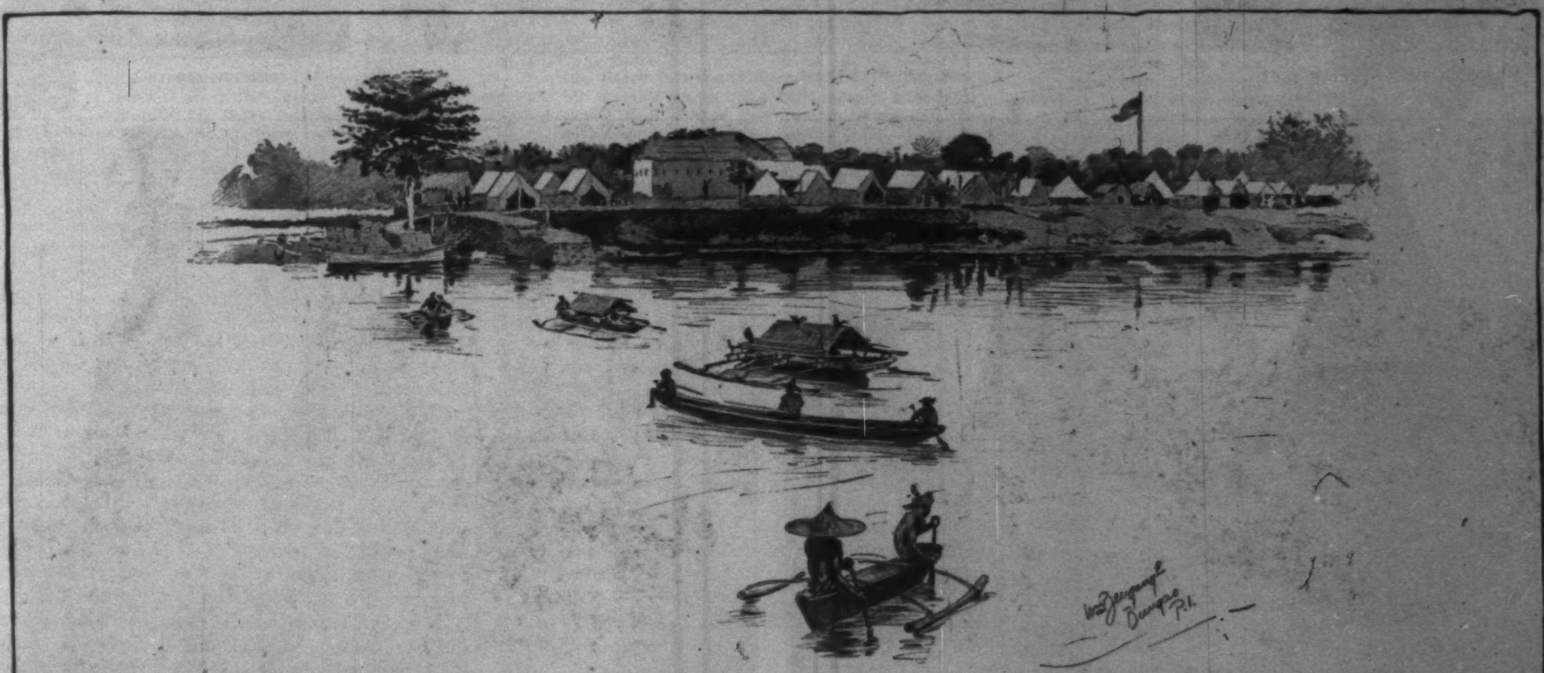


A DEMOCRATIC PRECEDENT.

The answer to this, which has the support of the uniform legislation of Congress, the uniform action of our government, and the uniform decisions of the Supreme Court, including the last one by Judge Lacombe, is that the United States can provide no form of government for these islands except that which it is prohibited from doing by the restrictions in the Constitution; that it can apply the tariff laws both to goods entering the islands and to goods coming from the islands into the United States; that it will enact such laws to protect our own people upon the policy which has been pursued by this government against foreign competition and pauper labor from the formation of the government; that it will give to these islands what they never have had—justice, law, order, protection for life and property, and that elemental security and freedom of action which justify investment and promote development and progress.

Commencing with various towns, as rapidly as the people demonstrate ability to govern themselves, to enact wise laws and to obey them, representative government will be accorded, until ultimately the United States will probably be represented by a governor and possibly some appointive judges of the highest courts. As these islands were able to support a large population and to pay enormous taxation under Spanish rule, with all its injustice and oppression, under this enlightened scheme of government instead of putting burdens upon the United States they will pay all the expenses of their own government, of the American army and navy which it may be necessary to keep there for a time, and the building of railroads and highways. Their products will enormously increase and their wants in proportion, so that besides being self-sustaining they will become great markets for the manufactures of the United States, and reciprocally the United States will take from them a constantly increasing amount of those tropical products which we now import from every tropical country in the world. With the Philippine archipelago prosperous and peaceful the United States will be in a position to compete with much greater success than in the past with the European nations who are striving for supremacy in that vast market of the Orient to which all modern diplomacy and war is seeking an entrance.

The question is confused at present by free-traders sounding a false alarm; by Democrats, Populists, and free-silver people endeavoring to overthrow the Republican party by a fake cry of the danger of tropical competition. If Congress would in the next few weeks establish governments for these possessions on the lines indicated, and have the country definitely understand that this is to be the fixed policy of the government, and apply such tariff laws as would give a large preference over the rest of the world to our island possessions, the almost instantaneous business activity and prosperity which would follow would sweep objections and objectors alike into oblivion before the November election.



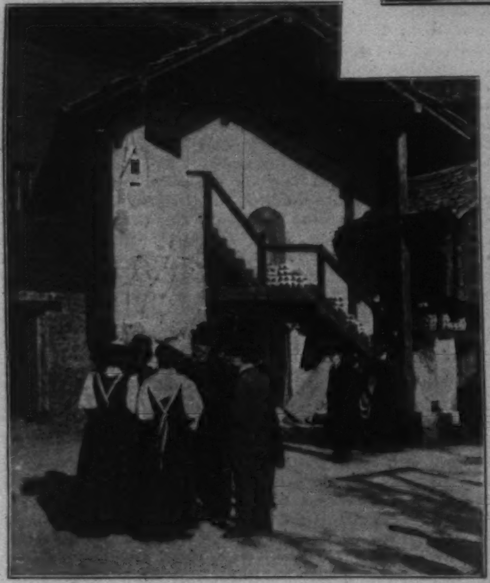
BUNGAO, SULU ARCHIPELAGO, THE MOST SOUTHERLY POSSESSION OF THE UNITED STATES

Drawn by William Bengough, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

TELL'S CHAPEL, SWISS VILLAGE.

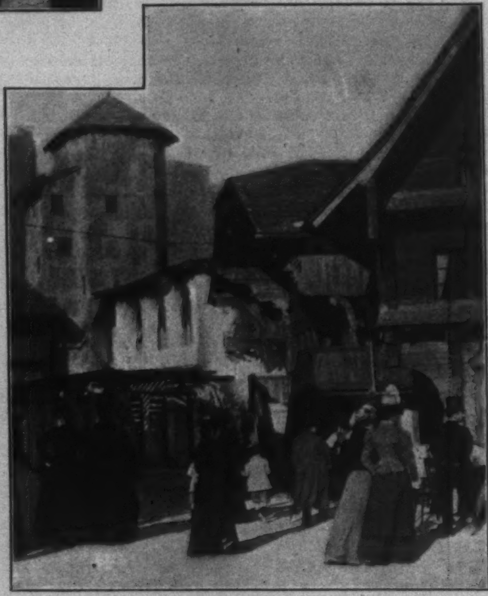
A STREET IN THE SWISS VILLAGE.

WATCH-TOWER, DAHOMEY VILLAGE.



RESTAURANT IN THE SWISS VILLAGE.

APPROACH TO CAMBODIA BUILDING.



CORNER IN THE SWISS VILLAGE.

DUTCH EAST-INDIAN IDOL.

A ROW OF BUILDINGS IN THE SWISS VILLAGE.

INDO-CHINESE IDOL.

PAVILION OF THE DUTCH EAST INDIES.

HUNGARIAN PAVILION, BUILT OF ROUGH LUMBER.

SOME ODD CORNERS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

THE PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE EXPOSITION

BY EDWARD INSLEY

IT is not only tiring—one endures that more or less cheerfully as a necessary evil, like the discomfort of travelling or the extortion of hotel-keepers. But to tramp around for weary hours, guide-book in hand, unable to see even a respectable minority of the manifold attractions described, is annoying. And to learn later that some section was "opened" after one passed, to retrace these steps and then see little more than was to be seen before, to repeat this process day after day, is too much for frail human nature to bear with equanimity. However, there is no alternative.

Yet the Parisians themselves seem to like it. Sunday they go in constantly increasing thousands and on Thursdays—the school holiday instead of Saturday—they take the children. The tickets of admission cost almost nothing—twelve cents is the ruling price. And it interests them to watch the making of the Exposition. They have all spring, summer, and fall ahead of them, no worry about time—nor hotel bills. The Exposition authorities themselves do not appear to be worrying about time either. Only the American tourist finds it inconvenient. He will be going on to Oberammergau soon, and then on his return spend a couple of weeks more in Paris than he had intended, and also a few more dollars than he had expected it to cost him. Paris loses nothing by this arrangement. Meanwhile he may see Paris itself. It is the best time of the year to do so, and there is more to see than in any other city in the world. Americans who are making their first visit to France this year will be apt to give too much time to the Exposition and not enough to Paris. Those who have come too early, hoping to get back home in June, must be excepted. But most of these have "done" Paris before.

To "do" the Exposition, the guide-book is as necessary as in viewing those more or less apocryphally historic places of which the conventional description runs, "On this lovely spot once stood," etc., only we have in the latter instance the assistance of the untrammelled imagination, whereas at the Exposition these flights of fancy are discouraged by many unlovely realities. I know of nothing so susceptible to environment as the guide-book. Read in the right place and at the right time, it may be as full of interest and as thrilling as a historical novel.

Get a guide-book before sailing and read it *en route*. Many were written months too early and contain inaccuracies—one, otherwise meritorious, was issued so hastily that the proof-reader made the author say that French officials were "iniquitous" instead of "ubiquitous." You will save much valuable time, however, by studying the plan of the Exposition in advance.

It is a difficult scheme to comprehend in its entirety when first approached, for it seems to have neither beginning nor ending. There is no starting-point nor central location from which the other parts lead or radiate. Most of the numerous painstaking descriptions that have been written are useful only to explain what one actually sees. The mind fails to retain a dreary procession of statements, with no framework to hold them together. The best characterization of its geodetic outline I have seen, likened it to a huge dumbbell. The upper end of the dumbbell, however, is twice as large as the lower one, and the two are not parallel, the lower dipping to the right at an angle of about forty-five degrees. The river forms the connecting bar, but is curved, describing almost a quarter-circle to the left from the Pont de la Concorde down stream to the southwest.

Bearing in mind this general outline, the larger or Champ de Mars end of the dumbbell may be described briefly. Two-thirds of it are on the left or Eiffel Tower side of the river, and the other third on the Trocadéro side. The Champ de Mars will be more of a centre for the Exposition than any other part, although it is the farthest away from the main entrance, or Porte Monumentale. This is because it always has been so in past expositions, because the exhibits in this locality are somewhat more important than in any other, and because the Eiffel Tower and the larger of the many side attractions are there. The promenade or open space is also wider, and will be more elaborately arranged than the smaller Esplanade des Invalides. The buildings are more pretentious, and culminate in a tour de force at the end of the Champ, the Château d'Eau, a great waterfall which is to be illuminated with electricity—sometime in the future. Yet this principal section of the Exposition is the most backward of all. It will be the last to acquire the finishing-touches. When will that be? Before July 1, probably.

There are many things to see there now, if one has the forbearance to ignore what is not ready. But here are such important groups as Agriculture, Food Products, Textiles, Mining, and Education, which every one will want to see complete, and there is no hope for that this month. Across the river on the Trocadéro side the interesting colonial exhibits are approaching completion. The dark-skinned natives from every quarter of the globe have already made themselves thoroughly at home. "The peculiar Oriental music lures the crowds to the Algerian Street. The Russian national pavilion, which is located here instead of on the Quai d'Orsay, has been opened and is the main attraction, however. So far as it is now possible to judge, it is the most interesting of all the national pavilions. A small Russian band plays good music, and the building is packed with crowds." The Cuban and Hawaiian exhibits will be sought for by the Americans, but will not attract many foreigners, I fear.

By the time this article gets into type, there will be an exposition at the other end of the "dumbbell"—the Invalides end—alone worth coming to Paris to see, and to see it well will take all the time any one cares to devote to the task. The displays of the groups in the main buildings on the Esplanade des Invalides, including decoration, furniture, and diversified industries, are more advanced than in any other division, and are approaching completion. Both of the two beautiful Beaux-Arts palaces across the river have been opened. This end of the Exposition, therefore, may be said to be practically ready for the public.

If anything more was needed to fix the present centre of attraction near the Alexander III. bridge, the concerts by Sousa's band have been amply sufficient. Its fine music has revived the weary spirits of the Americans especially, and added stimulus to the whole Exposition.

These two fine-art palaces will prove the greatest individual success of the Exposition proper. The buildings themselves are permanent structures costing several million francs. The exhibits they contain will be the magnet, however. In the smaller palace, the future home of the Paris Salon, the retrospective exhibit, recruited mainly from the Louvre, comprises more tapestries than anything else. But the Grand Palace, with the contemporaneous exhibit, surprises and delights the most sanguine expectation. The French section naturally outranks the others, but all the leading nations, even ambitious little Japan, are well represented, and the combined result is the most brilliant display of modern art ever gathered in one place. The classification by nationalities affords an interest which is lacking elsewhere—even in the Louvre.

In their cursory aspect, the façades of stucco and staff in the Esplanade des Invalides are scarcely less handsome than those in the Champ de Mars, but they have received a different style of treatment. The space between the two rows flanking the Esplanade being narrower, as well as shorter, less was attempted in architectural effects. However, the panel-painting on the outer walls of the crescent at the beginning of the Esplanade gives a brighter and more attractive appearance, at once resting and pleasing to the eye.

Connecting the two main divisions of the Exposition is the river, both its banks crowded with auxiliary departments, the most important group being the pavilions of the foreign nations on the left bank. On the opposite side, the Streets of Paris, old Paris, and the great glass conservatories of the Horticultural exhibit are the chief features. Here will be found some of the Midway features of fragrant memory at Chicago, but they break out in spots nearly everywhere. There is much to see already on both sides of the river; some of the foreign pavilions are open, old Paris was ready early, and the varied assortment of side shows is now gathering the first fruits of the harvest of silver.

In giving this rough outline of the Exposition and its present condition, I have endeavored to avoid excess of detail, in order to make it clear to readers 3000 miles away, many of whom probably do not even know Paris. To fill it in completely would require a work larger than the ten-volume report M. Picard wrote on the Exposition of 1889. Around the parallelograms of buildings containing the main exhibits are scores of smaller buildings. We find them scattered in and out of bounds wherever we go. Some of the most exquisite bits of designing are found in these small pavilions. None is inartistic. There are at least fifty of them worthy of attention for their architecture alone. With great ingenuity, they have been massed together without disturbing the trees, the latter sometimes remaining undisturbed in the very centre of the walls, and still not destroying the symmetry of design. Trees even grow up through the roofs, the trunks being incased in hollow pillars, with air-holes at the base for the roots to breathe. Neither the Chicago Fair nor that of 1889 affords an adequate comparison for what may be called this bijouterie of the Exposition architecture. The United States alone has ten such "annexes." Few of them were even ready for exhibits to be installed at the opening, and progress has been made slowly.

Here is a generalization which must not be taken too literally: Distrust all pictures of Exposition buildings, except the two Beaux-Art Palaces, which show much space around them. And draw on your imagination rather than credulity for perspective and background except in the two Esplanades. The beauty of more than ninety per cent. of the buildings is impaired by the unfortunate necessity of crowding them together. The heterogeneous conglomeration of national pavilions is particularly distressing. A due regard for perspective was nearly impossible from the first. After the two ends of the "dumbbell" were planned, the landscape artist drew his salary and quit. Even the river has lost totally this desirable feature, with its elaborately decorated bridges at frequent intervals, and the plethora of detail on its two banks.

The two rectangular spaces, the Esplanade des Invalides and the Champ de Mars, obviously required perspective treatment. In these two places alone do we find any continuity and regularity of plan. The Eiffel Tower made the Champ de Mars problem difficult, but the big structure has been made as unobjectionable as possible. From the Trocadéro on the

right bank the view sweeps across the bridge, under the legs of the Tower, through the broad avenue lined with white palaces, and on to the Château d'Eau at the far end.

The other example of perspective and far the better one—from the Champs Elysées to the Invalides—is very pleasing. It begins with the broad space between the beautiful art palaces, crosses the handsome Alexander III. bridge, and then passing through the Esplanade, the vista is crowned with the dome of the Invalides. There is too much detail perhaps with the forest of spires and minarets on either side, but these serve to relieve the glaring brightness of the gilded Pegassi on the big stone pylons of the new bridge, give a harmonious setting for the golden dome of the Invalides, and lend a gala aspect to the picture quite in keeping with the idea of an exposition.

The use of perspective and the perfection of transportation facilities were the two triumphs of the World's Fair. It is in these two respects that the Exposition of 1900 is inferior to that of 1893. In nearly all others it is superior. But such comparisons are unfair to both Paris and Chicago. Each made the most of its opportunities. Paris could not go out of the city for its site without losing more than would be gained. And it was not possible for Chicago to obtain the same amount of co-operation either by foreign governments or individual exhibitors. Even petty Balkan states have national buildings at Paris this year which outrank those of some great nations at Chicago. To wish for another World's Fair in the heart of Paris, with all that made it great and all that makes Paris greater, is to court the fate of Prester John, who, according to the veracious narrative in "Orlando Furioso," was stricken blind because he wanted to annex Paradise.

An enormous amount of money has been spent in making this record-breaking Exposition, and there are indications which lead one to believe that if the government were to make a frank confession, the delay in completing the Exposition would be better understood. Where so much remains to be done, one would expect to find large forces of workmen employed—even night and day. But the spirit of activity which was observed just prior to the formal opening has not been maintained. A surprisingly small number of men seems to be at work—and the progress is amazingly slow.

A disingenuous attempt is made to put the blame on the exhibitors. They do not deserve it. Had they been given adequate facilities, most of them would have been ready by or soon after the premature opening of April 15. Their cars were tied up on the tracks, the buildings were not ready. Even those who are installed dare not keep open goods that can be damaged by an inch or more of dust per day.

Not enough men are employed on the buildings and grounds. Why? And there is the additional factor to be considered that the laboring-man in France, just as in England or anywhere outside of America, will not work faster under pressure. He will do just so much and no more.

At this writing the power plant for the big fair is not ready. No wheels have begun to turn. A large part of the Exposition—much of the main exhibit and many of the more important side attractions—is absolutely dependent upon the power to be supplied by the Exposition authority. This excuses the unpreparedness of many. What a farce to start a big enterprise like this a month or more before power is available to turn the wheels!

The United States has suffered more than others from this untoward condition of affairs. With 2000 car-loads of exhibits tied up in railroad yards the commission has been helpless. With thousands more exhibitors than any other nation, it was at a disadvantage to begin with. And to cap the climax, there has been no power for the machinery even after it was installed—and the United States leads the world in machinery. No foreign nation has had as good or as hard-working a national commission at Paris. Its efforts have been nullified to some extent through no fault of its own.

There was delay in opening the American pavilion. It should be remembered in this connection, as well as in others, that the workmen have been French, not American, that capable men are not to be had just now for the asking, and that they take their time in completing a job. Many of the national pavilions have been opened informally and the work has gone on afterwards. It was decided to wait until the arrival of Sousa's band for the formal opening of the American building, and the exact date was contingent upon the convenience of President Loubet. The building itself will be vigorously criticised for its design and as warmly defended. But Americans have no reason to be ashamed of their country at the Paris Exposition.

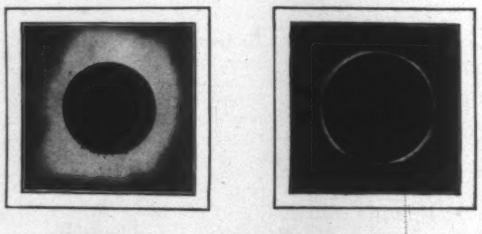
PARIS, *May 8, 1900.*

The Coming Total Solar Eclipse

BY PROFESSOR HAROLD JACOBY

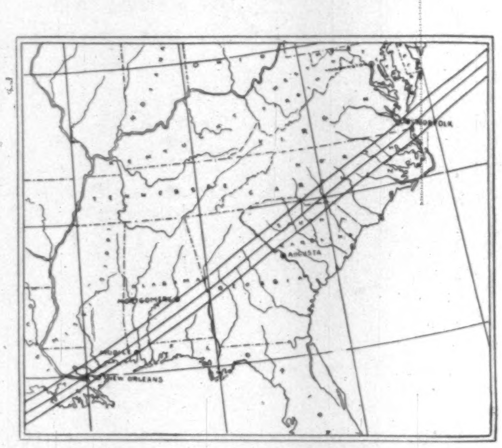
IF the weather is clear on the 28th of this month, we shall have an astronomical display which will not disappoint people like the expected meteor shower of last November. In the present state of astronomical science, it is possible to predict the time of an eclipse so accurately that the error will never exceed a very small fraction of a minute.

The eclipse of May 28 next will be visible in the United States throughout a strip of territory about seventy-five miles wide, and extending from New Orleans to Norfolk, Virginia. This is called the path of totality, and persons stationed anywhere in that path will be able to see the total phase. The comparatively unimportant partial phase can be seen from a much wider extent of territory, and the degree of obscuration will be greater in proportion to the nearness of the observing station to the totality path. The complete obscuration will occur in New Orleans at 7.30 A.M., and will last 73 seconds. In Norfolk it will happen at 8.53 A.M., and the duration will be 102 seconds. At intermediate points, such as Mobile, Montgomery, and Raleigh, totality will be visible at an hour intermediate between those given for New Orleans and Norfolk; and the duration of totality will also fall between the extreme values of 73 and 102 seconds.

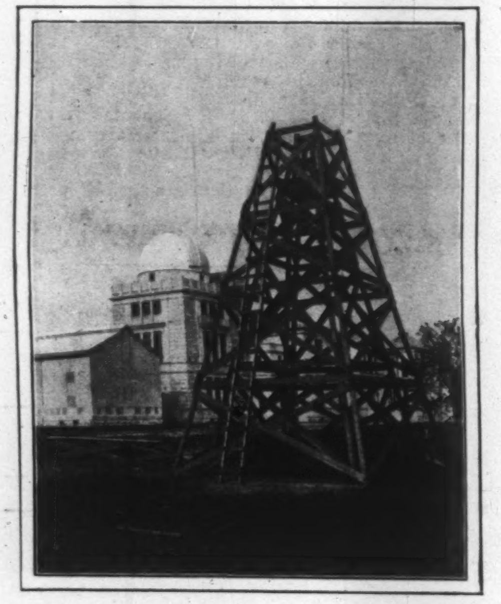


TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE OF JANUARY 22, 1898.

From Photographs taken by the Lick Observatory Expedition at Jeur, India.



TRACK OF THE COMING ECLIPSE.



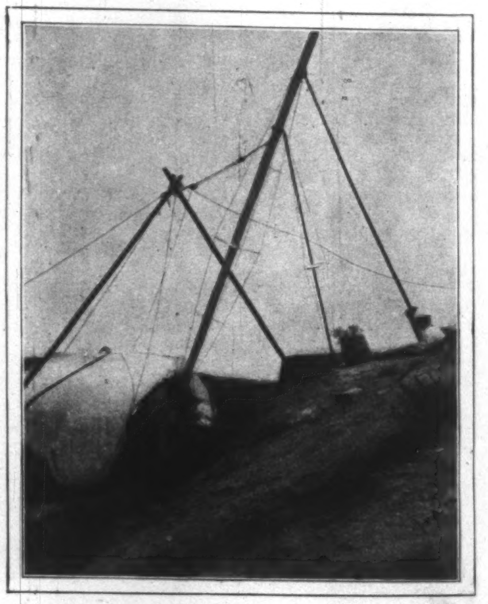
FRAME-WORK FOR AN ECLIPSE CAMERA.

Numerous astronomical expeditions have been sent out to various favorable stations along the line of totality. The United States Naval Observatory, the Lick Observatory in California, Harvard College Observatory, and numerous other college institutions are represented. The attention of observers will be directed especially to searching for an "intra-Mercurial planet and to a study of the solar corona.

The suspected intra-Mercurial planet has been an object of extreme interest to astronomers for many years. Certain slight but significant discrepancies exist between the observed motions of one of the known planets and those predicted by mathematical theory. It is possible that these might be elucidated and perhaps explained altogether if we could find another small planet circling the sun in a little orbit interior to that of Mercury. Indeed, one or two astronomers have thought they had actually detected this little fellow very close to the darkened sun during a total eclipse. Confirmation of these observations may perhaps be obtained in a satisfactory way by photography; and therefore this method will be employed on a very elaborate scale at the coming eclipse. The details have been worked out by the Harvard astronomers. They have constructed a very large telescopic camera, having nine sensitive plates arranged in a curved mounting like the inside of a hollow globe. In this way all the plates are situated at the same distance from the lens, and on every plate a picture in perfect focus will be obtained. Each picture will cover only a small part of the sky, but the combination of nine plates will give us a photograph representing a very large region surrounding the eclipsed sun. The exposure will be made during totality, so that the supposed planet's faint light will not be overcome by the brilliant sun. It is only during a total solar eclipse that we can even hope for a chance to see this suspected and elusive planet.

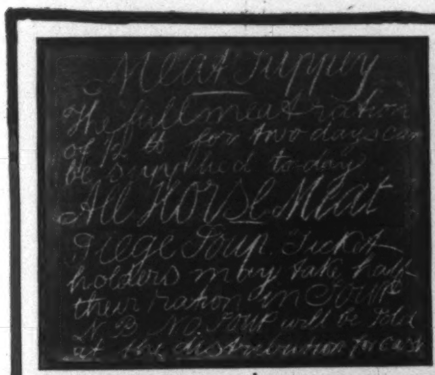
The other object of study, the corona, is of even greater interest than the planet. The blazing ball of the sun that we see ordinarily is surrounded by a faint luminous halo called the corona. We can see it only at total eclipses, when the brilliant central disc is entirely obscured. At all other times the ordinary solar light illuminates our terrestrial atmosphere, and makes it so bright that we cannot see the faint corona through it. But during the few seconds of totality this corona, the most beautiful and impressive sight in nature, blazes forth in all its glory. Then only is it possible to photograph it, and thus fix for future study an indelible record of its form and appearance.

Our illustrations exhibit some of the latest results obtained by eclipse-observers. The corona pictures were made at Jeur, India, by Professor Campbell of the Lick Observatory. His photographs show quite plainly the "protuberances," or curved red flames that flash out hundreds of thousands of miles into space from the sun's surface. They also exhibit the beautiful coronal structure; and for the first time seem to point to a connection between these flames and the coronal streamers. The picture of the 40-foot photoheliograph was made at the time of the 1889 eclipse in central Africa. On that occasion cloudy weather prevented actual observations, but the picture gives a good idea of improvised eclipse arrangements for mounting instruments. The chart showing the eclipse track across the United States was issued by the United States Weather Bureau, and will be found very useful by persons desiring to select a convenient place to see this interesting astronomical event.

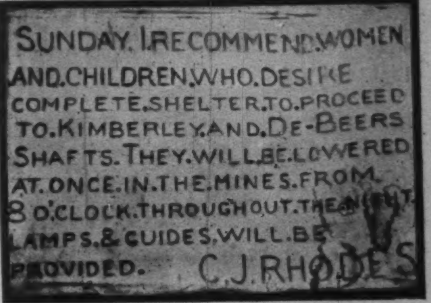


THE PHOTOHELIOGRAPH IN AFRICA, 1889.

BESIEGED IN KIMBERLEY

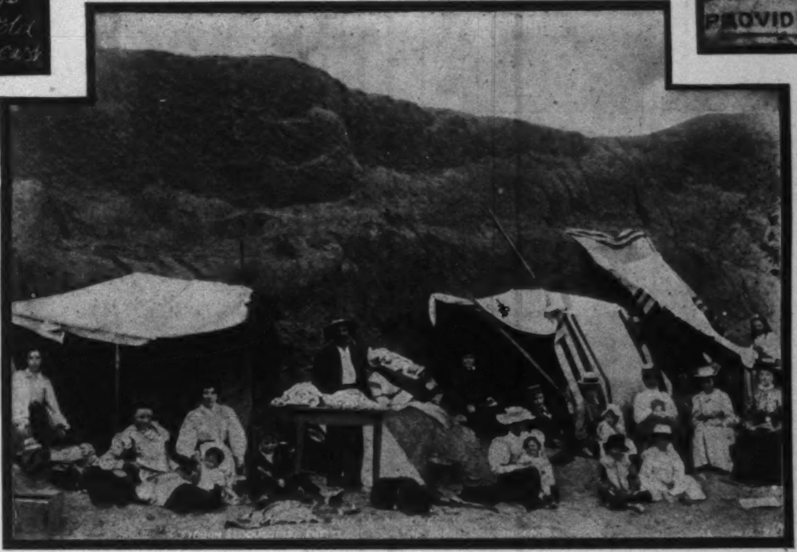


Meat Supply
The full meat ration
of ½ lb for two days can
be supplied to-day
All Horse Meat
Siege Soup. Ticket
holders may take half
their ration in Soup
N.B. No Soup will be sold
at the distribution for cash



SUNDAY. I.RECOMMEND.WOMEN
AND.CHILDREN.WHO.DESIRE
COMPLETE.SHELTER.TO.PROCEED
TO.KIMBERLEY.AND.DE-BEERS
SHAFTS.THEY.WILL.BE.LOWERED
AT.ONCE.IN.THE.MINES.FROM
8 O'CLOCK.THROUGHOUT.THE.NIGHT.
LAMPS.&.GUIDES.WILL.BE
PROVIDED. C.J.RHODES

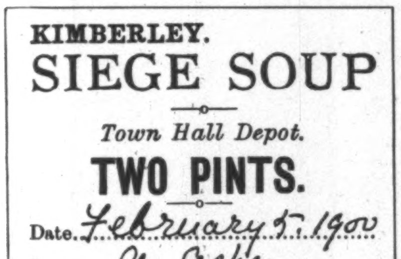
DIEU ET MON DROIT



DUGOUTS *for the* SHELTER *of* WOMEN & CHILDREN

EENDRAGT MAAKT MAGT

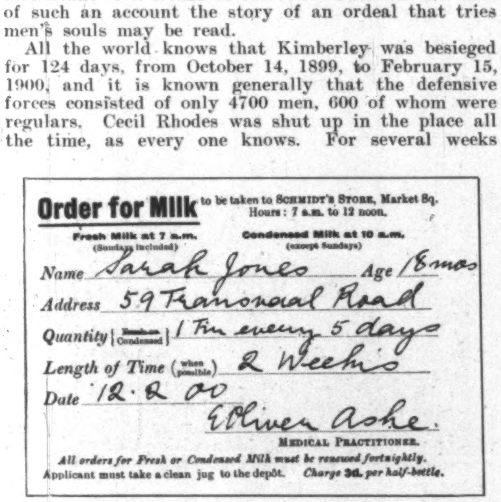
ONE phase of the war in South Africa has not received much notice, because events of strictly military importance have overshadowed it completely. It is the "human interest" side of a siege, such as Ladysmith and Kimberley passed through, and such as Mafeking is now enduring. That phase has to do with the actual life of the people, the real residents of the place, enduring privations that never come except in time of war—facing death by cannon balls and pestilence; stricken with terror, now hopeful, now despondent; too deeply affected when relief comes to be demonstrative. Correspondents are usually too busy to obtain this story, and when they do refer to it their point of view is that of the Uitlander or military man whose lot has been thrown temporarily in a new place. The dramatic military events of the siege are set forth, but the daily longing and praying of the people for the end seldom find expression, unless it be in some diary or letters of an inhabitant to a friend or relative. Between the lines of such an account the story of an ordeal that tries men's souls may be read.



KIMBERLEY.
SIEGE SOUP
Town Hall Depot.
TWO PINTS.
Date. February 5. 1900
Issuer. Ch. Ashe

A SOUP TICKET.

All the world knows that Kimberley was besieged for 124 days, from October 14, 1899, to February 15, 1900, and it is known generally that the defensive forces consisted of only 4700 men, 600 of whom were regulars. Cecil Rhodes was shut up in the place all the time, as every one knows. For several weeks there was flash-light communication between the beleaguered place and the relieving column. What the flashes said the people of the city almost never knew. We all know that the skilful employees of the De Beers Diamond Company made a big gun that did excellent service in defence of the place; that practically there were two sustained periods of bombardment; that the people lived in shelters in their yards; and that finally about 2500 women and children were lowered from 500 to 1550 feet into the diamond-mines, where they remained four days, until General French's soldiers dashed into the place late one afternoon, and the women who had remained aboveground nearly pulled, in their delight, the first horseman from his mount as he came in.



Order for Milk to be taken to SCHMIDT'S STORE, Market Sq. Hours: 7 a.m. to 12 noon.
Fresh Milk at 7 a.m. (Sundays included) Condensed Milk at 10 a.m. (except Sundays)
Name Sarah Jones *Age* 18 mos
Address 59 Transvaal Road
Quantity (Fresh or Condensed) 1 Tin every 5 days
Length of Time (when possible) 2 Weeks
Date 12.2.00
E Oliver Ashe.
MEDICAL PRACTITIONER.
All orders for Fresh or Condensed Milk must be renewed fortnightly.
Applicant must take a clean jug to the depôt. *Charge 3d. per half-bottle.*

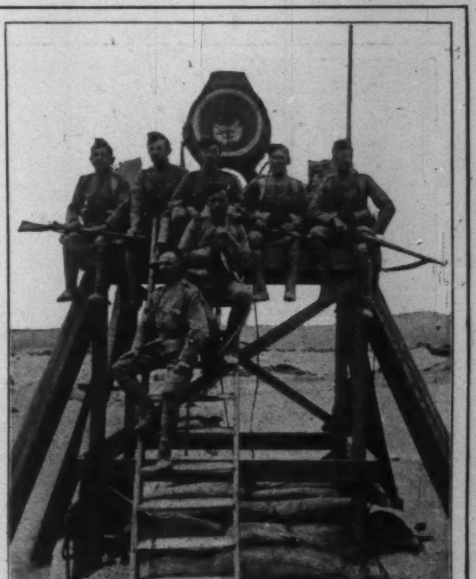
FAC-SIMILE OF A MILK TICKET.

We know that the people got their water from a diamond-mine when the Boers seized the water-works; that the military authorities took charge of the food-supply; that the brilliant American engineer, George Labram, who made the big gun and did so much for the place, was killed by a shell; that the chief newspaper of the place was compelled to cease publication for having criticised the military authorities; that a scandal arose over the conduct of Cecil Rhodes; that there was occasional fighting in the suburbs, and all that. But who knows what the people were thinking of, and who knows what it meant to be under martial law? Who knows how irksome it seemed to be compelled to have lights out at nine o'clock; to stand in line to get your meat ration doled out to you; to be in constant fear of death when you see your neighbors' houses shattered by shells, and women and children killed on the streets and in their homes by them; to long for news of the actual situation, and have the military authorities not only not give you any, but affect an indifference as to whether you get any or not; to steal a little water at night for your garden, and then to feel the pangs of conscience for doing so? Who knows that phase of life in a beleaguered town in these days? And then who could have ever imagined that elaboration of finance whereby one could send and receive money by flash-light? This was done repeatedly in and out of Kimberley, and although it was only another form of sending money by telegraph, there was a novelty about the method to which one could properly apply the word unique.

Such a story of a siege from the stand-point of the masses has been written—set down day by day—by Dr. E. Oliver Ashe, who was surgeon to the Kimberley Hospital during the siege. Dr. Ashe is what would be called one of the leading residents of the city. His duties took him everywhere in town during the siege, and in the account that he has written to friends in the old country there is scarcely a page that does not reveal the fact that even so prominent a man as he actually knew nothing of what was going on, from the military stand-point, the military authorities not thinking it worth while to take the people into their confidence even in matters that would have given them comfort and have done no harm. One gets, however, a stirring picture of the actual life of the place aside from the military situation, and that is what makes Dr. Ashe's story valuable.

Kimberley was not attacked during the siege; it was bombarded almost constantly, now severely and again in a perfunctory way. The Boers could be seen rarely, and when they were in sight in the far distance glasses usually had to be used to see them clearly. It was the monster shells dropping into town, the fact that the water-supply and railroad communication were cut off, that told the people there was a siege. Three or four times, in the effort to protect the cattle that were set to grazing in the suburbs, or to spy out the land near by, there was rifle-shooting between the defenders and the Boers, but there was no enemy in sight all the time. The situation was the more strained on that account; the enemy was like a phantom.

Dr. Ashe tells how there was a parade of the home forces; how Cecil Rhodes came in just before the railroad was cut; how supplies were cut off; how the cattle were brought near to town, and how raiding and then fighting with rifles began. Then the "hooters"—the whistles on the De Beers mines—summoned the men of the place to their posts at every alarm. From November 12 until the 18th there was a sustained bombardment, without much resulting damage. Then the Boers got a big gun and the defenders made theirs, and there was an artillery duel for many days. Finally help arrived in the distance and was checked within flash-light range. Again for a week, in February, just before the siege was raised, another bombardment came and many persons were killed. Soon the women and children were taken to the mines for safety.

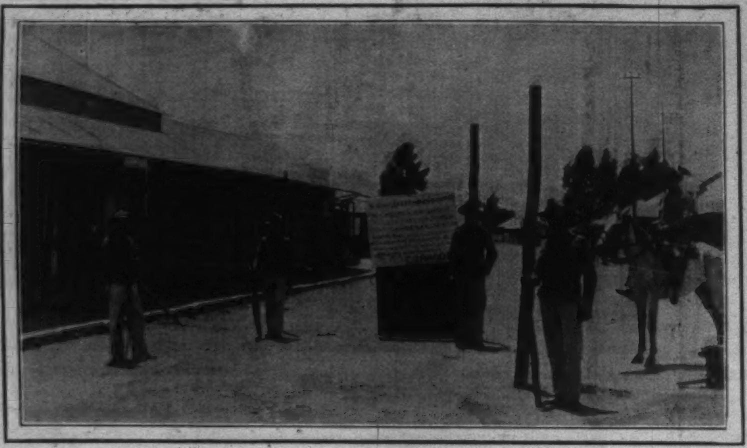


SEARCH AND SIGNAL LIGHT AT WESSELTON DURING SIEGE OF KIMBERLEY.

There were traitors in town. After the De Beers dynamite, stored in the suburbs, had been seized by the Boers and destroyed, a traitor placed some dynamite under the bridge in the centre of the city and tried to blow up the structure. Some traitors waved signals to the Boers one day while the shelling was going on. They were not punished, because their identification was not complete. And then there was

KENILWORTH BARRICADE DURING THE SIEGE.

ROYAL ARTILLERY IN ACTION DURING THE SIEGE.



BARKLY ROAD BARRIER, SHOWING NOTICE TO WOMEN AND CHILDREN REPRODUCED IN THE HEAD-PIECE.

the night when poor Labram's funeral was held. As the procession started in the gloom for the graveyard a rocket was sent up to tell the Boers where to shoot. The Dutch church was never hit, but the other churches were, which was not singular, Dr. Ashe says, when you knew the circumstances.

Bitter indeed is Dr. Ashe because the Boers shelled the town rather than the fortifications. There was the child who had just come out of a shell-proof and was nearly cut in two by a shell. A mother and six children were sitting down to breakfast, and a shell struck the table. It nearly wiped out the family. Two of the little ones died in a few hours; the others were wounded terribly. Another child was killed at its mother's breast. In his indignation Dr. Ashe says:

"And this is what those Boers call fair play. They must know that nearly all the men are in the forts and that very few people are left in town, and yet they fire not at the forts, but into the town. I have no doubt they will say they fired at the forts and their shells went too far."

A dozen or more women were killed. Shells would go plunging into houses, wrecking rooms and furniture, and a fine mess some of the shells made. Narrow escapes were most common. Dr. Ashe tells of seeing shells burst almost by the score, as he had to go about the streets to his patients. Sometimes he and his companions had to lie flat for a few moments to escape the flying pieces of broken shells. Repeatedly shells fell into the homes of the sick, and several times into the bed-rooms of the patients. Luckily, few of these shells burst. Here is one incident:

"Another shell fell into a room where a lady was in bed, just missed her hip, broke the side of the bedstead into bits, and harmlessly buried itself in the foundation under the floor. Had it exploded, she would have been blown into bits."

There were a dozen such narrow escapes, to say nothing of those that took place on the streets constantly. The situation reached such a crisis that Dr. Ashe is moved to remark, in language that must appeal to the human side of every one in its blunt directness:

"I suppose if a doctor gets killed on duty his patients will promptly say what a damned fool he was to come out, but if he stays at home they say he is a cowardly cur for doing so. Any stick is good enough to whack a doctor with."

Be it said to Dr. Ashe's praise that he never shirked, and also be it remembered that all the physicians decided to treat every member of the defensive forces free.

And then there were the shelters. Every one built them. Some were pits in back yards; others were barricades in houses.

Here is a description of some: "Most of the shelters were made in the sides of the débris heaps which are almost all over the town. A deep trench was cut in the sloping side of the heaps, and then this was lined and roofed with timber and galvanized iron, and a thick layer of earth was thrown on the top and banked up against the front face of the shelter. Several of these shelters were many yards long and had several openings, so that people could get in and out easily. In Beaconsfield, on one side of the main road, there was a big heap with an almost perpendicular face, and here they just drove tunnels straight into the heap. It looked very funny from the road to see these catacombs.

"The shell-proof places are ghastly little dog-holes, like the Black Hole of Calcutta, in most cases. Some of the rich people have put up good ones, double layers of sand-bags built up on their verandas to a decent height, and roofed with either sheet-steel or old railway iron or thick deals with plenty of sand-bags on top of them, and in these there has been some attempt at ventilation. But the poorer people have dug holes in their yards or gardens and roofed them with anything that came handy, and then either just sand-bags or the loose earth out of the hole was put on top. In these you can't stand up, and there is no ventilation at all, so I guess they would be about as deadly as the Boer shells; but lots of people seem to find comfort in being in them."

Then there was constant trouble over the food. Dr. Ashe wanted all the condensed milk in town conserved for the infants. The military authorities did not think it worth while to consult the physicians, who not only knew the sanitary conditions of the town, but the peculiarities of the people.

One would not expect kindly feelings for the Boers from such a man, and Dr. Ashe's are so bitter that they become amusing. He speaks of a prisoner who was shot in the head and lived three days. He adds, "He would likely have lived altogether, but they washed him, and, being a Boer, the shock to his system was so great that he succumbed." Again, "The average Boer is a filthy beast, and has less idea of sanitation and cleanliness than a hog."

"Again, when our ambulance-wagons were out bringing in the wounded at any of the fights, I think I am correct in stating that the Boers invariably fired at them when they were within range, though each wagon carried a big Red Cross flag. They are not even decent savages, but just a cross between a Bushman and a baboon, only more ignorant than either of their parents."

Dr. Ashe has very little to say regarding Cecil Rhodes, and ignores the scandal connected with Rhodes's food entirely. This extract, however, shows his opinion of Rhodes:

"Rhodes turned up here, too, the last day the railway was open. Many people were wild with him, thinking that he would be an additional inducement to the Boers to attack us, but I think it was very plucky of him to come and stand by the town which made him, and with which he is so intimately connected. He did not stay idle long, but began at once to raise a regiment of his own, the Kimberly Light Horse, paying for everything in connection with it out of his own pocket."

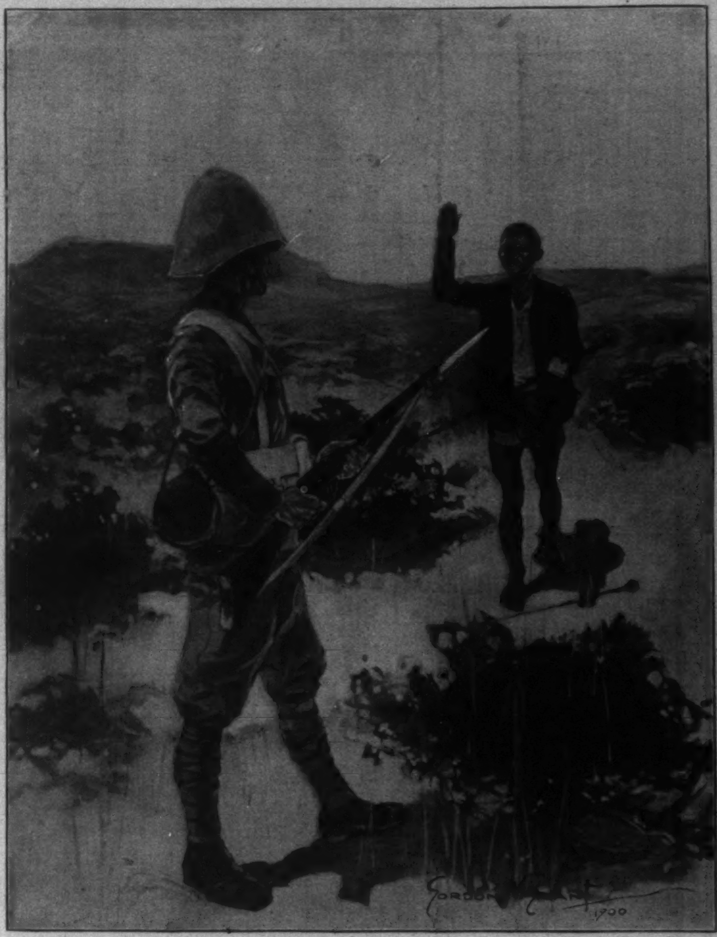
Once Rhodes was stopped by a guard, and Dr. Ashe relates this result:

"Rhodes fumed and blustered and said he had never heard of such insolence, but the guard was firm, so Rhodes burst out laughing, and produced a permit to pass the barrier without being searched. He was just trying it on. Whatever else he may be, he is no coward; he goes through the barrier and rides far out on the veldt almost every afternoon, with only one or two friends and no escort at all. He always wears white flannel trousers and is most conspicuous."

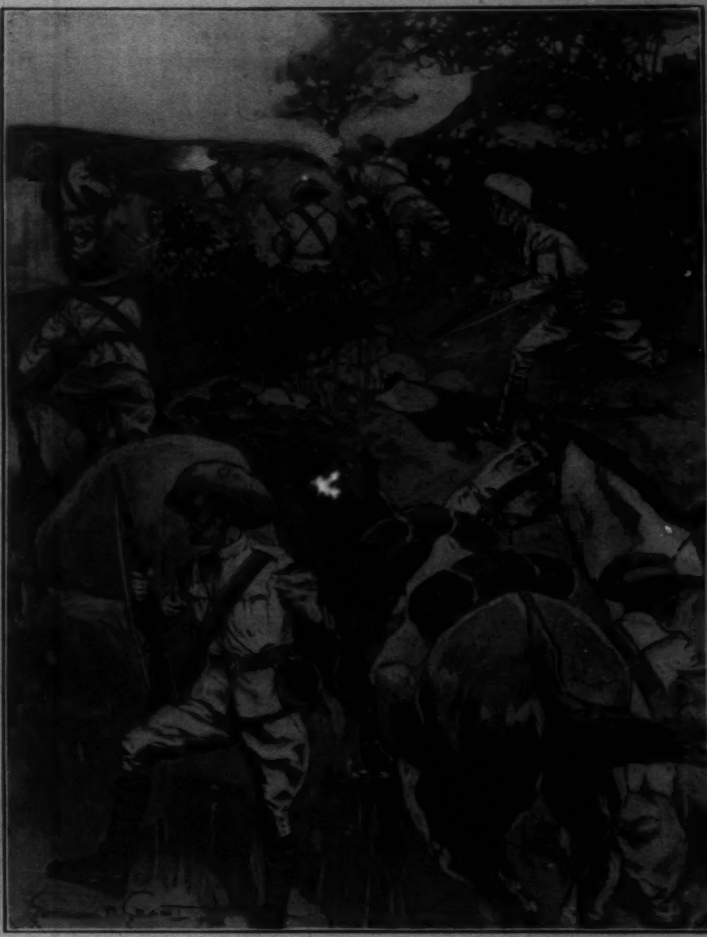
And so the siege finally came to an end. Just before relief came Dr. Ashe went down into the mines where the women and children were staying, and of this he says: "Walking around and dodging the sleeping babies reminded me of a visit I made to that place near Brigg where the sea-gulls nest. There you could hardly put a foot down without damaging eggs or young birds, and it was just the same here." And when relief came, Dr. Ashe says: "The scene in the town and at the club can't be described. It was quieter than you would have expected. Everybody was far too deeply moved to be noisy."

Cecil Rhodes.

SANITARIUM DURING THE SIEGE, SHOWING MAXIM GUN ON VERANDA.



BRITISH SENTRY CHALLENGING A NATIVE RUNNER ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

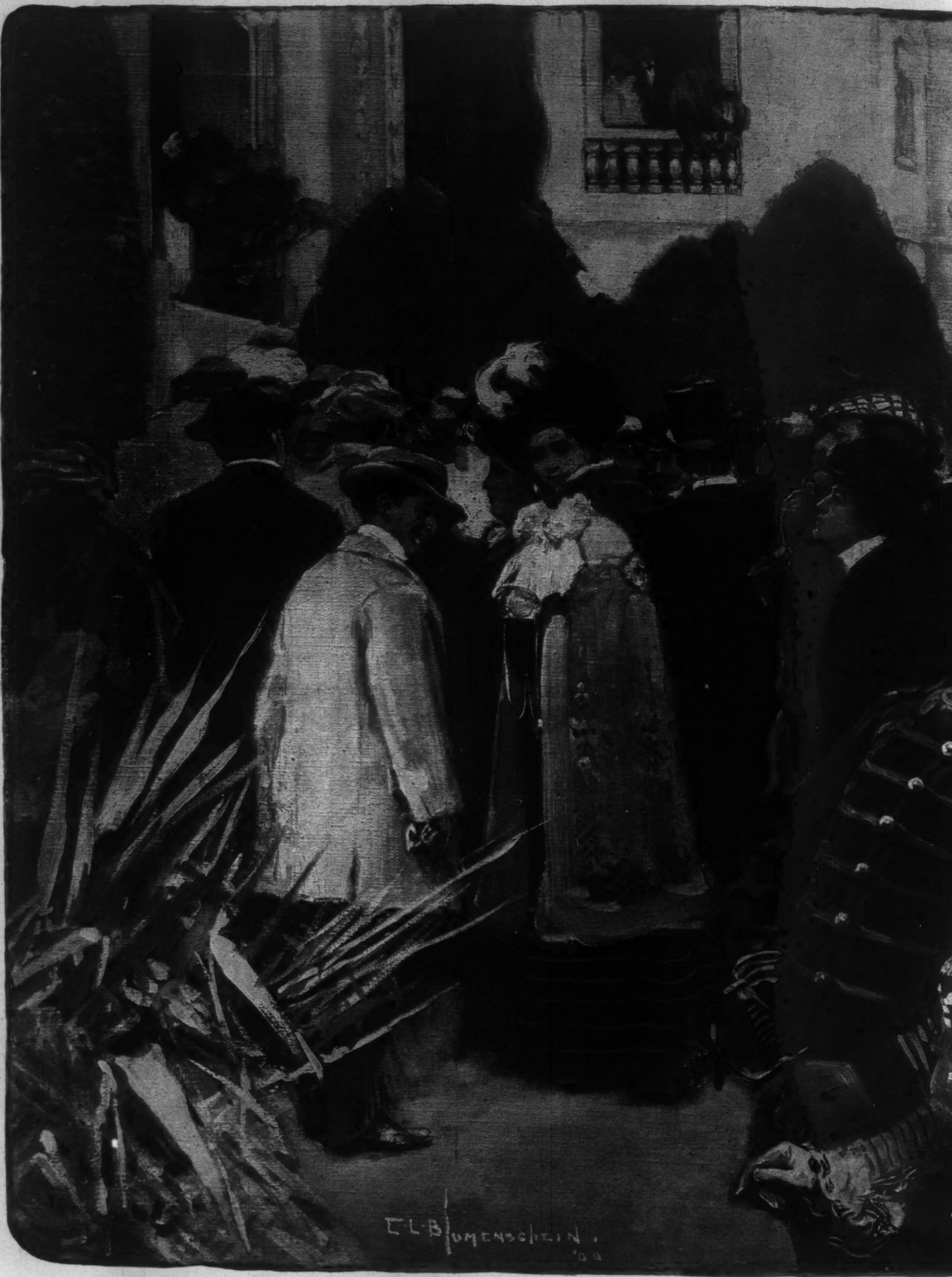


THE CITY IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS IN ACTION NEAR ABRAHAM'S KRAAL.

A DETACHMENT OF SOUTH-AFRICAN LIGHT HORSE SCOUTING IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF BLOEMFONTEIN.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Drawings by Gordon H. Grant, Special Artist in the Field for "Harper's Weekly."


E·L·BLUMENSCHEIN.
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THE PARIS EXPOSITION—SI

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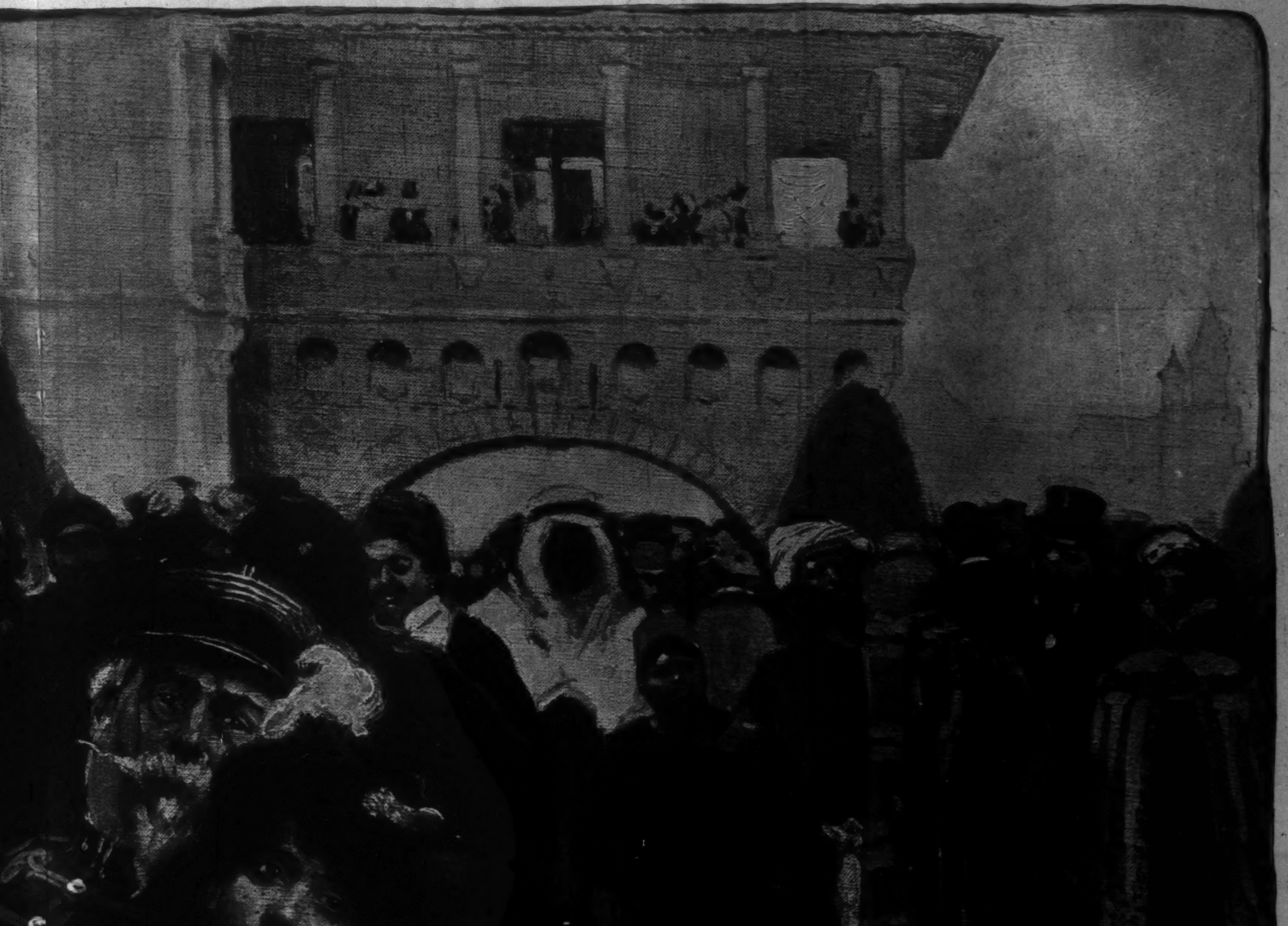
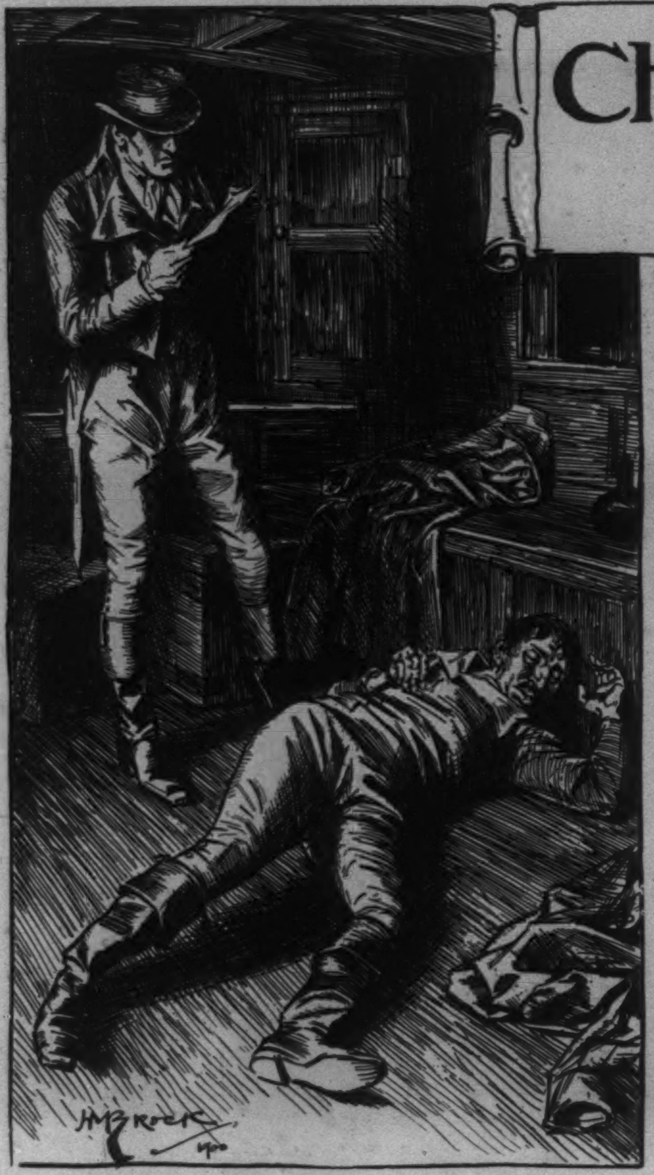


-SIGHT-SEERS OF ALL NATIONS

BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON



WARBURTON STOOD WITH THE LETTER IN HIS HAND.

CHAPTER X

SIR STEPHEN CARMICHAEL SWOONS

WARBURTON stood with the letter in his hand, surveying it, in that uncertain light, with a heart that throbbed beyond its habit. The vista of a history spread out before him and narrowed into the distance. There was that in his knowledge now that would string up these Carmichaels higher than Haman. He interpreted the letter boldly and with wit; there was no chance to go behind it; it scored a deeper crime still upon that family. Sir Stephen Carmichael, he remembered, had purchased the island some thirteen years since. Whence had he come? No doubt his record might be traced, if it were of any value to trace a record in the past, with these infamous witnesses to his treason. The man himself had spoken of his Irish blood, and there was the fount of this treachery. Away upon the coast of the Pas-de-Calais lay the vast army of the Emperor which had been gathered for the destruction of England. He waited there upon his flat, but he was known to have agents in Great Britain, spies and go-betweens, that would carry him information and stir up the disaffected elements of the kingdom. It had been always the hope of those Irish rebels to obtain the assistance of the French; they had aspired for that end a dozen times, and dozens had perished in the conspiracy. There was ever a cry across the water to the partisans of the Revolution. Houses had been dishonored for it, men had died for it, and women had wept. Well, there was one more house for dishonor, one more man for death, and one more woman for tears. He understood now the meaning of those kegs of powder, so carefully stored in the vault. Nay, he had a clearer appreciation of the hostility of the Carmichaels towards himself. They were not only smugglers; they were something worse. They had a deeper secret to guard than even he had fancied.

He put the letter in his pocket and went back to his food. He had no fear of that comatose hog that grunted on the floor. A lively emotion of triumph filled and inspired him and moved him to exhilaration, so that he drank deeply and was borne upon brandy into a yet greater intoxication. When he reflected upon what he had in store against the Carmichaels he could have laughed aloud. He grew restless to be about this business, and, finishing his glass, clambered hastily over the side of the ship and made his way to the gallery by which he had entered.

He issued into the night among the junipers, with the soft cool breath of the wind in his face, and that face he set steadily towards the house of the Carmichaels. His brain, usually slow and calm, was so quick and hot now that he scarcely considered into what he might be advancing. Somewhere upon the eastern corners of Lynsea was the cordon moving upon him slowly, quietly, as irresistibly as Fate. Yet towards this he marched. A cunning thought held him that they would not look for a second attempt upon the jetty and the cutter, but would trust to finding him hidden in the coverts of that island.

So he picked his road to the valley of the homestead.

The spirit he had drunk mounted in his head and drove him forward recklessly. He thirsted for an encounter, all his customary prudence dispersed by the ascending fumes; and in the grove of tamarisks, which he had now reached, he turned uncertainly with his gaze towards the invisible house. At length he altered his direction, and instead of moving downward to the beach, began to climb by the devious pathways towards the gardens. The silent indifferent stars held the sky, free of cloud or wind; outside the gentle sounds of the ocean there was nothing broke the stillness and peace of the homestead. The house stood before him, a dim mass of whiteness, and out of one shining eye poured the rays of a candle in an upper story. He drew nearer, and as he did so noises streamed from the declivities towards the east, betraying to him the approach of the hunters. Laughing softly, he crossed the terrace, and put his face against the window nearest, peering in. Then he turned the handle, which gave, and he entered for the first time that house of traitors. He closed the window gently and looked out upon the lawn, and he thought that he could make out a figure passing by. “’Twas just in time,” said he to himself. “None will look for me here, and I shall be free of the boat when they go by.” He left the window and felt his way along the wall, until he happened upon a door, which opening, he passed through and found himself in an ill-lighted chamber. It was long and lined to the ceiling with books—a library, the place of a student rather than of smugglers and assassins. Assiduously his glance went about the walls, prying into dark corners, and then, passing the single faintly burning lamp, lighted upon a gray shadow at the far end of the room.

Sir Stephen Carmichael sat in a huge chair, a book resting on his knee, and his quick fine eyes fastened upon the intruder. He was so still and equable in his bearing that Warburton doubted if he were not asleep, or dead maybe; and that long and shrunken body looked somewhat pitiful and frail, as if inviting compassion, not the deadly penalty of sin. Yet no such thought made any appeal to Warburton, who saw before him one that harbored criminals, and was himself the most criminal of all—a traitor to his King and country. He was glad to be thrust thus upon his enemy in the heat and ardor of his vengeance; his mind contemplated no mercy, doubted not nor wavered. Full and serenely master of itself, yet shaken with a warm intestine passion, his will confronted Sir Stephen, and from something in that iron regard the old man winced and quailed. He had in truth spent uncomfortable days for some time past. Alert as was his fancy and vigorous his intellect, he paid the debt of his race in a certain odd superstition of mind. He was held by spells and swayed by signs and tokens which duller blood would not recognize. Luck and fate were not mere words to him, nor even ethereal and intangible abstractions used to mark and cover over ignorance; they were fiercely real, and had fought till now for him with incredible constancy. Yet the advent of this cool-eyed stranger had struck him with doubt, then with impatience, and at last with dismay. He had not realized how greatly separate were these two spirits that differently animated his own race and that of Warburton. The stubbornness of the younger man alarmed him, and above all his trick of secrecy it loomed formidable before him. Here was no loose blabbing tongue, with the common English phlegm, but that intolerable and maddening quiet, with good temper, resistance, silence, and a strong will which was apparent in every word or act. Sir Stephen Carmichael was growing old, and suffered physically; and maybe it was in part owing to this failing power that he had lost confidence; yet he had still authority over his features, and nothing appeared on his face of all this as he looked on Warburton—as little, indeed, as was written on the young man's countenance.

“I have trespassed a third time, sir,” said the latter, bowing ceremoniously.

“No doubt this time with a better excuse, Mr. Warburton,” replied the old man, quietly. “Yet I beg you will get on with your business and be done, for I can ill support a long interview.”

“Ah, sir,” said Warburton, gravely, “indeed I grieve to see one of your honorable family in such an evil plight. ’Tis the gout you suffer from, I believe.”

“I pray you, sir, make haste and be done,” said Sir Stephen, impatiently.

“My dear sir,” said Warburton, with a great effusion of manner, “I will do my best to oblige you. I will come to the point, and that is one which will prick you pretty nearly, if I am a judge.” Sir Stephen waved his hand with some nervous irritation. “I am a slow, dull-witted fellow,” resumed the other, “and I would not pit myself against such bright creatures as your sons, but I can put two and two together to make four.”

“It would sometimes be best that they should make only three, Mr. Warburton,” said Sir Stephen, slowly.

“Aye; I take your meaning, sir,” returned Warburton. “You are good enough to warn me, as I have been warned before by your forethought. But this I assure you, that my mind is mathematical, and in sums of addition I can make no mistake. No, sir, I must make it four, and four I make it.”

“Well, sir?” said Sir Stephen, sardonically, for he was now sharp and resolute, quite master of himself.

“Well, I have no long business with you, sir,” went on Warburton. “It is soon told, and the telling is that in return for your good consideration of me I am to offer you back a warning on your own part. I warn you that I hold your secret.”

Sir Stephen laughed gently. “My faith, sir, but this is ancient history,” he said. “I think we were all agreed upon what you knew, Mr. Warburton, and agreed upon this, too, that what you knew was dangerous, and that you should be suffered to exchange it for something else.”

“You are graciousness itself,” Warburton replied, “but I think you do not catch my meaning, sir. I have said that I hold your secret, and I leave you to guess how much that means. There may be anything between a trifle and a matter of supreme gravity in such a phrase.”

“I am no hand at guessing,” said Sir Stephen, but his face had undergone a slight change; its expression was set, and his voice was quieter.

“Yet I may not leave without acquainting you,” said Warburton. “Let me jog your wit, sir, which should be sharp, being Irish.” The old man cast him a searching glance, and slowly lifted his book from his knee.

“I am afraid that your efforts are vain, sir,” he said. “I know you to be a dangerous man, and you have the credit of that compliment. But I am in no humor to talk with you, and it is not customary to play guess-work of business. Say what you must say and go.”

He spoke with asperity and also with dignity, but Warburton even now could not deny himself the satisfaction of using his fears as a cat does those of a captured mouse. He knew well enough that Sir Stephen Carmichael was wondering exactly how much he knew; was fearing he knew all, yet was resolved not to go too far in his speech until he had discovered.

“It may be, sir,” said Warburton, “that I wrong you in supposing you privy to these things. You yourself shall be the judge of that. But there is no doubt that this property of yours is used for the Free Trade, and that one of your sons, at least, is a partner in it.”

“Why, that is so, as I believe, Mr. Warburton,” said Sir Stephen, politely; and there came into his voice a faint note of relief.

“’Tis a serious matter, sir,” said Warburton.

“No doubt ’tis that,” said the other, nodding. “I make you a present of it. I dare say that you can manage it with Nicholas; I leave it in his hands.”

The thrust made Warburton smile. “Once more I can only bow to your generosity, sir,” he said.

“And now if I may conclude our business is over,” went on Sir Stephen, pointing at the door, “you will perhaps do me the favor to retire, and maybe you shall find my son ready to your hand.”

“Nay, my dear sir, but that is half only of my business,” interposed Warburton, lightly. “There is more behind.” The Baronet sank back heavily into his chair, with his arms along the wood-work, and his moving eyes upon his tormentor. “I had the privilege to make a new discovery this day. ’Twas an accident, but I bless my long legs that took me thither. Do you know some caves upon the island, sir? Well, there is a very drunken sailor at this moment in hiding there, who parted with some news to me not an hour since.”

Sir Stephen stirred. “What news?” he asked, shortly, but his gaze never left Warburton's face, shifting over it tensely and vigilantly.

“Why, the cave is full of gunpowder,” said he.

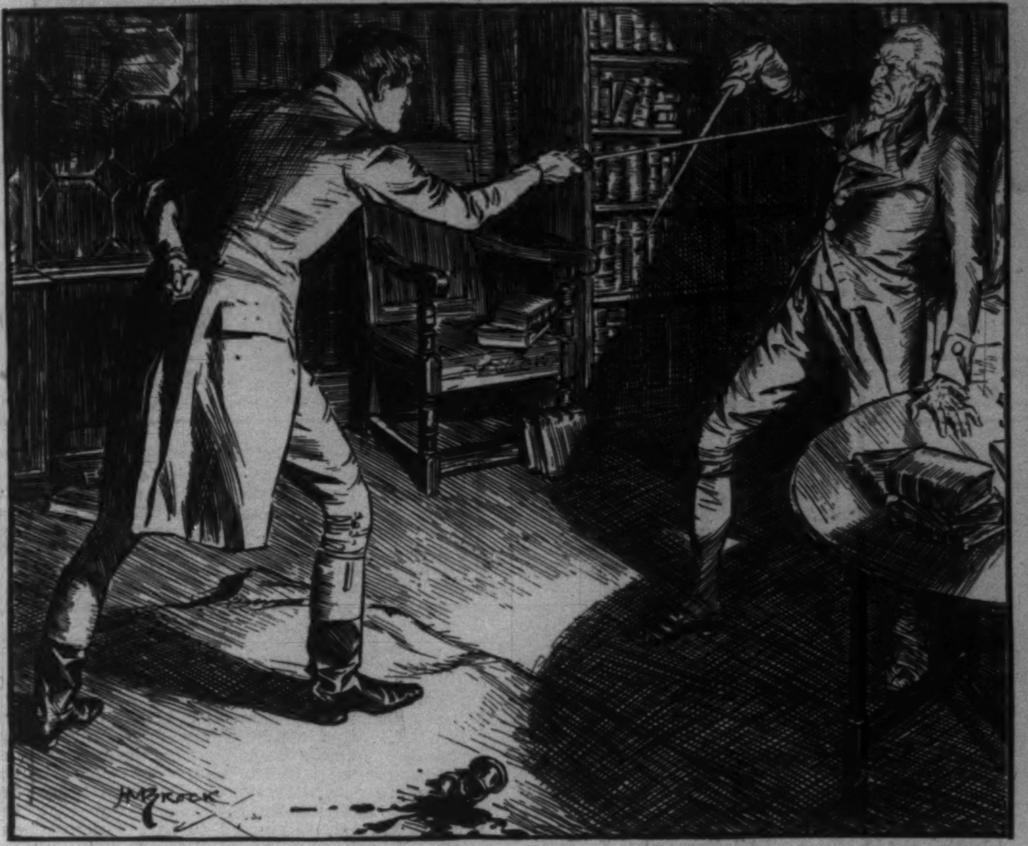
“Indeed, I know not what their merchandise may be,” said Sir Stephen. “You tell me news. Gunpowder, is it?”

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2259.

"Good wine, sir, good wine; and good brandy, if I may judge from what I have drunk in Marlock. But on occasion powder, there's no doubt."

"'Tis very interesting," remarked the Baronet.

"Yes, sir, and there is more behind that. This drunken Frenchman is possessed of strange papers;" Sir Stephen started visibly, and then controlled himself; "and one of them I borrowed lest he should lose it. Indeed, as 'twas addressed to yourself, I made free to make myself a post for you. Maybe you will recognize the hand of your correspondent," and with that he drew the letter from his pocket and displayed it before the old man's eyes.



SIR STEPHEN LEANED BACK UPON THE TABLE, SUPPORTING HIMSELF.

But he was silent for a time, showing now no emotion on his face, and then he said, slowly: "What use, sir, is it, that you will make of all this? I imagine that it is not for a jest that you come to tell me this."

"You are right," said Warburton, soberly. "I am not used to waste my time, even though the sport should tempt me. I tell you this because I desire to give you a warning, as I have said."

"You mean," said Sir Stephen, "that you would make some terms with us."

"No, I will have no damnable compromise," said he, with an oath. "It is not for that I have spent my time and run my risks here. I swore to hunt down those that accomplished the foul murder of my friend and those that abetted it. But in a little, sir, I found the task widen under my hand, and you know how that came about. I seek a cruel assassin, and what do I find? Why, a nest of traitors, a pack of bravos—a house that holds not one single member but is contaminated with its disease and vice. This island harbors and feeds a brood of vipers, and they must perish. That is my warning."

Sir Stephen Carmichael's eyes wandered restlessly over the young man's face as he spoke with this heat and not a little dignity, but his tone was unchanged in his reply.

"You forget, Mr. Warburton, that it is you who have had your warning, and now stand in some danger."

"From your son!" said he, with an exclamation of angry impatience. "From your son! Do you think I do not know that? I am quite aware how I stand, and that the island is being beat for me this very moment. And if I am taken, do you suppose I do not understand what that signifies? Bah! but I shall not be taken; and I am here because I am of that confidence, to warn you."

His words flowed quickly and with more feeling than he was accustomed to exhibit, yet his senses were not greatly dulled by that emotion. Out of the tail of his eye he saw Sir Stephen's hand go slowly, as if stricken with palsy, across the arm of the chair, and pass in that decrepitude to a little round table that stood by. The act was noticed, yet hardly appreciated, until of a sudden he made a discovery in another glance. One swift step took him to the table, and the next instant he had snatched up the pistol that lay upon it, with which between his fingers he turned fiercely upon the other.

"What! the devil!" said he, blazing with his passion, "you would butcher me so coldly as that? By God! but I think these Carmichaels be the very spawn of Satan, with their handsome looks and foul treachery. There is no vice this blood of yours does not hold, and you shall all swing together for it; by God, you shall!"

Sir Stephen's hand still rested upon the table. 'Sir," said he, "I was about to have said ere this gross and unmannerly outbreak that it was not from my son that you stood in danger, but rather from myself, first. Nay, not that pistol," he said, nodding coolly towards it. "I am no friend to such methods. But I was considering that after such discoveries as you have made to me, and what has passed, there is no choice left you but to give me the honor of a meeting."

"A meeting!" said Warburton, in amazement. "You are bedrid, man."

"You cannot escape on that plea," said Sir Stephen, with a sneer, and for the first time there leaped into his face a look of Nicholas, a look of black and angry passion. "If you will be good enough to take down that pair of swords behind you."

"Sir Stephen," said Warburton, more coolly, "you know not what you are about. I may not fight with a crippled man."

"You fear," said Sir Stephen, sharply. "Give me the sword."

"I will give you no such thing," said Warburton, obstinately.

Sir Stephen's eyes flashed in a fresh blaze. "I will take a course to make you, coward!" he cried, harshly, and as if with a wrench rose in his chair and flung an iron inkstand sharply at Warburton's head. It struck him in the neck, opening a red and ragged wound below the ear, and the victim of this unexpected conduct fell back before the blow and then leaped forward.

"Now some one shall judge between us, whether 'tis you or I play the coward," he said between his teeth, and he threw one of the swords towards his assailant. Sir Stephen Carmichael leaned back upon the table, supporting himself in position with one hand upon the oak. He thrust out his weapon, and the two blades encountered and fell away. Leaning forward with his weight partly on his wrist, his legs motionless, his body gently moving, but his arms swift, certain and deadly, Sir Stephen Carmichael plied his point with every artifice of the experienced swordsman, and with much of the suppleness and dexterity which had once been his. He was chained to his table, but he could make the points; and his defence was greatly superior to his enemy's attack. Warburton flung himself upon it in vain, now wholly oblivious of the disability to which he had previously objected. The old man fought like an accomplished duellist, and kept him at bay, with a little devilish smile on his lips, and the ferocity of Nicholas glancing in his eyes.

The light was low, so low as to impede that conflict, but it was the older man's sight that suffered the more. He contented himself with steady dispassionate resistance, and Warburton's temper rose with his ineffectual attempts. He came harder, and was pierced in the shoulder; the grin stiffened on Sir Stephen's face. Warburton broke away, and with an impatient oath flung upon the attack. His muscles were lean, tough and flawless; he was fitted for continuous endurance; and the play heightened his spirits and his enjoyment. The prick in his shoulder goaded him, and he settled down to a grim beleaguerment. But this course in time wore down the older man's strength. His sword went to and fro with the same fierce mechanical skill, but falteringly, more slowly, and with less precision. The power in his body ebbed fast, went out like a tide that races seaward across a league of sands, and Warburton read the truth in his yellowing face and ensanguined eyes. Sir Stephen breathed hardly, and doubted not what he saw in the other's face. It was death that must be written there—the death which he had himself invited. What concerned him most was this painful struggling, this dull and formal resistance, that drew his blood like drops of sweat, and turned his arms and shoulders to lead. His looks seemed almost to plead for the end, and his point wagged feebly in the air. Warburton stood off and dropped his weapon to the floor with a clatter. He laughed.

"You want death, old man," said he. "By God! you shall not have it that way. You cannot choose your end, as you will learn. It was a fine thought to make me the instrument, but you know that it is not possible. I was a fool to be tempted. I am no hangman." The words were brutal enough, but Sir Stephen did not wince, he only stared, unable indeed to make answer for his heavy breathing. Observing him, Warburton turned away angrily. "By Heaven!" he cried, "it was a damnable trick to drag me into it. You would have me a butcher, and an old man my sheep. Not I—not I. I will leave you to the proper hands, and what revenge you have balked I will seek elsewhere. There are others of your blood. I will have my stroke at all."

He turned on his way to the door with a sneer and an ugly laugh, and Sir Stephen followed him with his look.

"Where do you go?" he gasped in alarm.

"Why," said Roger Warburton, aflame with the heat of this recent contest as well as with the heady spirit—"why, this house, I think, stands desolate. There is none here but one."

"That is I," cried the old man. "True; that is I."

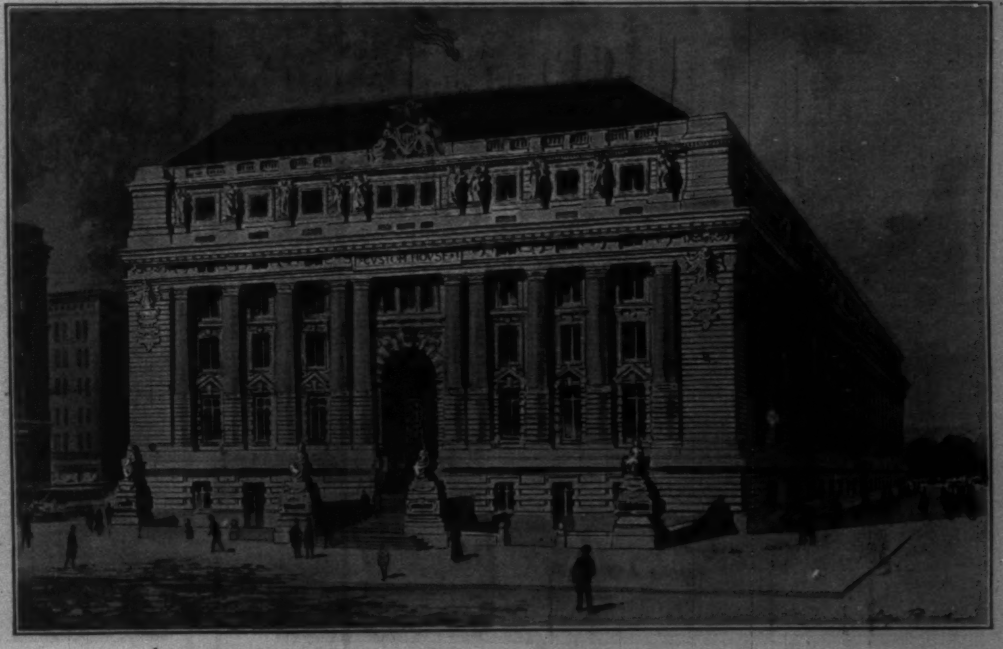
"Nay, not you, but another," said Warburton, recklessly; "and her I shall find above. There is a light that twinkles in an upper window. It beams kindly upon me; faith, it called me from the night; it hailed me across the hills. I shall be welcome."

"You lie!" cried Sir Stephen, hoarsely, and was shaken like a reed.

"Nay, I speak verity," said Warburton, laughing. "Ask to-morrow and you shall be answered."

"It is—it is her—" The attempted words failed in the old man's mouth, as the door shut with a clang behind Warburton. He rose to his feet, struggled to follow, and, tottering, fell with a groan into his chair, unconscious.

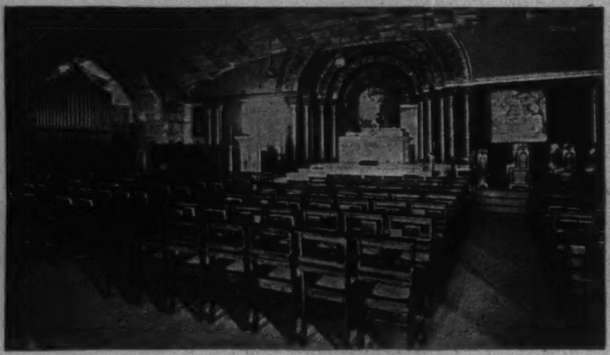
[TO BE CONTINUED.]



NEW YORK'S NEW CUSTOM HOUSE.
To be erected on Bowling Green. Cass Gilbert, Architect.

BARBERINI TAPESTRIES AT THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

VISIT OF THE WISE MEN



THE CRYPT

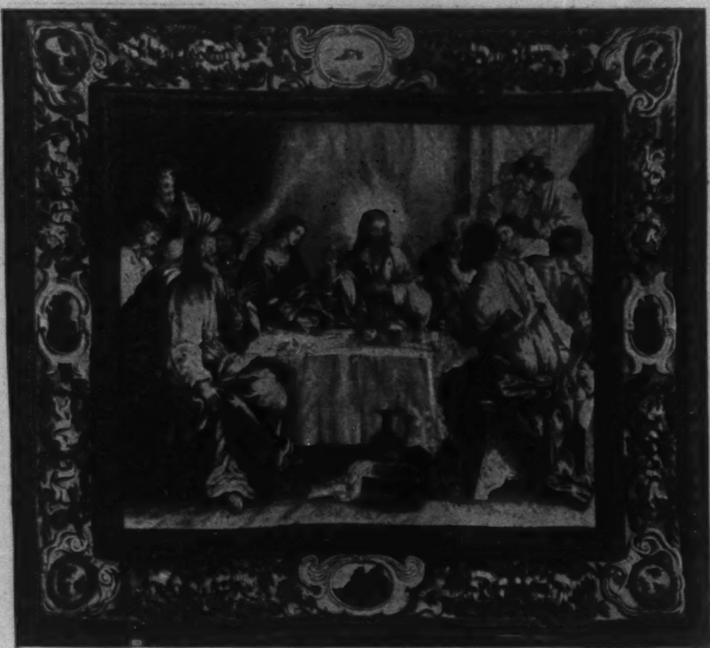
THE RESURRECTION

INCREASING wealth and educated taste on the one side and vicissitude of fortune on the other are gradually bringing to our shores masterpieces of Christian art, formerly confined to the museums and cathedrals of Europe or the palaces of the princes of the Church.

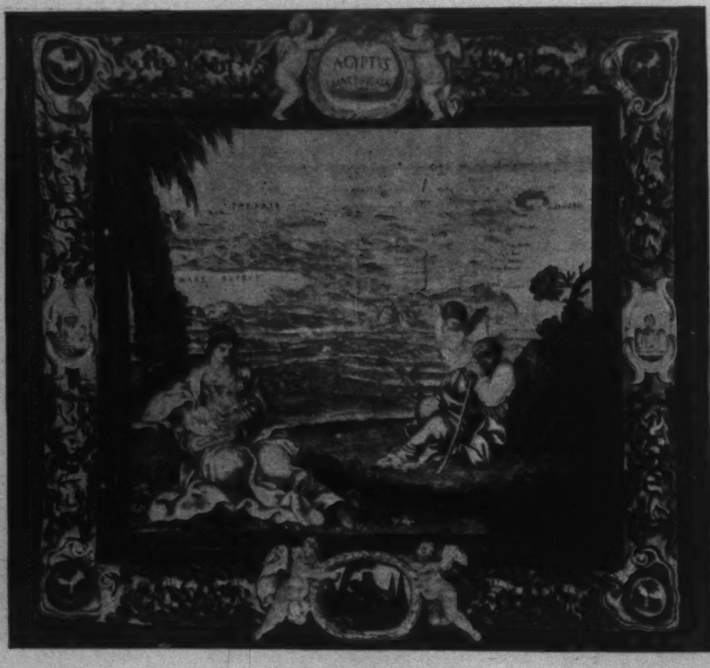
The witty assertion that "the United States has no ruins and imports its curiosities" finds some verification these days in the Crypt of St. John the Divine, the Protestant-Episcopal Cathedral, now in process of erection on Morningside Heights. The Crypt was opened more than a year ago to Sunday service, and its walls hung with two of a series of twelve famous tapestries destined for the mural decoration of the completed Cathedral. As no work on tapestry is considered complete without a description of these new possessions, the story of their coming to St. John the Divine is not without interest. The subject of the series is "Scenes from the Life of Christ." The "Visit of the Wise Men" and "The Resurrection" are the subjects of the tapestries now hanging in the Crypt, "The Last Supper" having recently been removed to make way for the altar. The remainder of the series is in storage to await the completion of the Cathedral, for which they were bought at a cost of $75,000, and bequeathed to the authorities as a memorial by the late Mrs. Elizabeth U. Coles. As the completion of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine will not be witnessed by the present generation, these famous tapestries are liable to be as inaccessible to the eye of the New as they were for half a century to that of the Old World, unless it please the authorities to replace those now in the Crypt from time to time by the pieces in storage, until the whole series has been exhibited. Excepting, perhaps, the tapestries commemorating the history of Urban VIII., "Scenes from the Life of Christ" are the most important weaves extant that bear witness to the prosperity of the Papal Tapestry Manufactory that flourished at Rome for fifty years under the patronage of Urban. The existence of this papal enterprise was unknown for more than two hundred years to the modern world. Documents relating to its origin and an inventory of its products were buried in the mass of manuscript in the famous Barberini Library at Rome. Less than twenty-five years ago they were unearthed by the Director of the Paris Ecole des Beaux-Arts, M. Eugène Muntz. The Gobelin factories of France were at their zenith, when there came to the court of Louis XIII. in 1625 the Cardinal Légate, François Barberini, and a brilliant suite of savants and littérateurs charged with an important mission. Despite the Papal Court at that period was hung in splendid tapestries, they were less in number and beauty of execution than those that confronted the Cardinal in the churches, palaces, public buildings, and châteaux of the King. They emphasized not only the artistic excellence, but the financial prosperity of the royal looms, and the Cardinal resolved to found a similar industry at Rome, which should give industrial scope to the cartoonists for which the Pontifical Court was then famous. Returning to the Eternal City, Cardinal Barberini laid the matter before his uncle, Pope Urban VIII. Three years were spent in industrial inquiry, testing and experimenting with dyes, wools, and looms. Adopting the best from all tried processes, the factory was opened in 1633 under papal patronage. The Court of Urban was distinguished throughout Europe for the versatile genius of its cartoonists. The renowned François Romanelli was appointed surveyor of the cartoons, while the equally gifted Jacques de la Rivière was made director of the weavers and superintendent of dyes. While Romanelli's cartoons illustrating scenes from the life of Christ were taking form and color in the looms, the versatile genius of the cartoonist tempted him to diverge from the traditions of painting and tapestry, and to invent a composition that partook of both. He fell to painting on a prepared canvas, securing desired light and shade by piercing the tissue with gold and silver threads. After the completion of painting and stitching he went over the whole with a fine brush, blending the parts with oil-color. The hybrid produced was the sensation of the time. Cardinal Barberini ordered several pieces of Old Testament subjects, which he presented to James I., King of England. Previous to quitting Rome for the English Court they were exhibited, and crowds gathered, doubting as they gazed whether it was veritable weaving or oil-painting. Happily Romanelli wakened before public taste compelled him to a recognition of the truism that deception of the eye is debasement of genuine art, and he returned to his original method, as preserved in "Scenes from the Life of Christ." They were originally designed for the Throne Room of the Barberini Palace, the ceiling of which is the masterpiece of Cortona. They remained in the possession of the Cardinal's descendants until less than ten years ago, when an enterprising American antiquarian dealer, Mr. Sypher, besought their purchase from the Princess Barberini. Since 1854, when the tapestries were exhibited, a feast day in Ste.-Marie in Trastevere, the church of which Cardinal Barberini was titular head, they had been stored in cedar chests in a lumber-room of the palace. The present generation, the daughters of the Princess Barberini, never saw the tapestries until the advent of the American dealer. It was to make a dowry for a daughter, now the wife of an eminent Italian statesman residing at Florence—so runs the story—that the Princess Barberini consented to part with the heirlooms. No private palace at Rome, as every student and tourist knows, surpasses the splendor of the Barberini. Built of marble quarried out of the Colosseum, it is not only enormous in size and resplendent in decoration, but is one of the very few Roman palaces occupied by descendants of the original possessors.

The four corners of each tapestry bear the armorial ensign of Urban VIII. The emblazonry is a field of azure with three golden bees encircled by a wreath. In the centre of the top border of some pieces shines a sun, which the Barberini adopted as a crest to their escutcheon, and to symbolize the lustre shed upon the family name by the elevation of Urban to the papacy. In the centre of the top borders of others there is an old Roman plough, to which are harnessed two bees, while a third bee acts as ploughman. The harnessed bees are emblematic of the unceasing activity of the great papal statesman in affairs of church and state. Each tapestry is framed in an exterior and interior border of richly decorative design, including reproductions of the picturesque way-side chapels often met to-day in southern Italy, palm-trees, alligators, and pyramids of Egypt.

LIDA ROSE MCCABE.



THE LAST SUPPER.



MAP OF THE HOLY LAND.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

IT is a very interesting contemporary question how far the desire to succeed in what one undertakes justifies infractions of the commandments and of the laws and moral obligations, more or less based on the decalogue, which regulate the relations of men. In war, by general consent, many of the ordinary rules of life are suspended. In war we kill folks and don't consider it murder; we take what isn't ours and euphemistically call it confiscation; we cheat and lie when it is necessary to military success, and it is only misleading the enemy. Everything is fair in war that is necessary to victory. So it is said to be in love, but public opinion does not fully justify that conclusion. How is it in business—the newspaper business, for example, which, though it is neither war nor love, but merely an industry in which competition is pretty sharp, yet seems to strike some persons who are engaged in it as an occupation in which ordinary scruples of propriety and honor are relatively so unimportant that disregard of them may be publicly avowed and recorded without compunction or discredit?

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IN a recent issue of a reputable weekly paper of large circulation and apparent aspirations towards morality there was published under the title of "Famous Feats of Journalism" a newspaper man's story of how in 1881 he went to England as the agent of a Chicago newspaper to try to get an advance copy of the Revised Edition of the New Testament, then upon the eve of publication. He tells of making two acquaintances aboard ship who gave him useful letters of introduction without suspicion of the use he meant to make of them. The letters let him into a London publishing-house, where he found "something like American appreciation of enterprise," and got valuable information, and other letters. Taking these latter documents he went down to Oxford prepared to bribe the pressman of the University press, and get advance sheets from him. That did not work, because it was not in the pressman's power to deliver the goods. He then fell back on one of his steamer friends, whom by due use of strategy he induced to take him to call on one of the revisers who had a copy of the work he wanted in his possession. He saw and handled the book, and tried to borrow it, but failed. He learned, however, where it was kept. Next day he bought a copy of the New Testament bound like the revised edition and went back to the reviser's house in the hope of being able to steal the reviser's book out of his library. That hope failed also, and left him just time to catch the steamer for New York. Immediately upon landing he seems to have sent a letter forged in the name of a London publisher to Dr. Schaff, an American reviser, by which he nearly got Dr. Schaff's copy of the revised Testament into his hands. Finally, he says, he found, two days later, in "one of the most prominent representatives of one of the greatest publishing-houses in the United States," a competent and sympathetic confederate, who met him by appointment at night, and placed in his hands the book he wanted. Part of it was telegraphed to Chicago, the rest followed by rail, and the Chicago *Tribune* published the whole book on a Sunday morning two days ahead of any one else, thus accomplishing a feat which, it said, had "never been excelled among the many triumphs of modern journalism."

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THAT is the story which an American scribe has been willing to narrate in detail under what seems to be his own name, and which a rather conservative weekly paper offers to readers, young and old, as a "famous feat," to be admired and maybe emulated. Neither writer nor editor appears to have suspected what species of person the writer has shown himself to be, or that betrayal of confidence, bribery, theft, and forgery are incidents to be ashamed of, provided they were necessary to the accomplishment of a newspaper "beat."

◆

SAD to say, newspaper-making is by no means the only branch of business in which success often seems to the successful to justify means that are dishonoring. Men whose standards of conduct are low seldom appreciate their moral shortcomings, and it is not uncommon to hear sharp tricksters tell shocking stories of their own greed and cunning without suspicion that their conduct may seem less admirable to others than it does to themselves. We need not hope that energetic and able scampishness will not succeed to a certain extent, and often gain its immediate ends, but when roguery masquerades as "American enterprise" and vice in print denies to virtue even the poor tribute of hypocrisy, then truly we have warrant to fear that the public perceptions are getting confused, and that the opinion is too generally held that conduct is not as important as it is cracked up to be, and that nothing really succeeds but success.

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A CONDITION of partial disgruntlement seems to be a common incident of spring. In that season the human liver is prone to assert its independence. The weather is fickle and alternates between hot and cold; people find themselves too warmly dressed one day and not warmly enough the next; flannels demand thought, and the question of wearing an overcoat has to be newly considered every morning. Colds abound, and there is a prevalence of the incident which the patent-medicine advertisers call "the tired feeling." A great many persons feel rather dispirited in the spring, and no doubt that has something to do with the general inclination of workers to strike. At any rate, spring is the strike season, and this year it is hatching out a fairly complete set of labor difficulties, most of which we may expect to see fade out under the soothing influence of settled weather.

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BOSTON and Harvard University, which have undertaken the more serious burdens of entertaining the Cuban school-teachers who are expected at Cambridge early in July, do not insist upon keeping the whole of this good work to themselves. The plan for the entertainment of the 1450 teachers includes, besides six weeks at the Harvard summer school, a journey from Boston to Chicago, thence to Washington, thence to New York, and from New York back to Cuba. The expenses of the teachers in New York have been estimated at $10,000. Subscriptions to meet this expense have been invited, and will be received by Clark, Dodge, & Co., 56 Wall Street. Among the citizens of New York who are interested in the visit of the teachers here, and who join in the request for subscriptions, are President Low, Mrs. C. R. Lowell, Miss Grace Dodge, Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, Edmund Wetmore, Robert Bacon, A. S. Frissell, C. C. Beaman, and James J. Higginson.

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WHOEVER has paid attention to the plan for bringing the Cuban teachers to Cambridge must have wondered where Spanish-speaking teachers were to be found who were competent to give the Cubans instruction. It is announced that the dean of the woman's department of the prospective summer school in Cambridge is to be Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, who has worked for twenty-eight years in Spain among the women and girls of that country. It was she who founded the International Institute for Girls, now at Biarritz, France, but soon to be removed to Madrid. It was originally located at St. Sebastian, Spain, but moved over the border when the Spanish war broke out, taking all its Spanish pupils with it, with their parents' consent. This successful Spanish school was incorporated in Massachusetts in 1892. Mrs. Gulick, who has conducted it, must be admirably well suited to the work that is impending in Cambridge.

Fifty-nine other teachers have been selected to give instruction to the Cubans. The usual work of the regular Harvard summer school will go on as in other years, in different quarters and lecture-rooms, and under a separate corps of teachers.

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MR. JOHN S. SARGENT seems to have done himself even more credit than usual at this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy in London. The exhibition opened May 7. London despatches say that the picture of the year, beyond question, is Mr. Sargent's portrait group of Lady Elcho, Mrs. Adcane, and Mrs. Tennant. These three ladies are daughters of Mrs. Percy Wyndham, whose portrait by Watts is famous. The *Times* (London), naming this group as the greatest performance, from the point of pure art, the exhibition contained, says of it, "We are inclined to say that it is the greatest picture that has appeared for many years on the walls of the Royal Academy."

Another picture that excites general interest and is warmly praised is Mr. E. A. Abbey's "Trial of Queen Katharine." There are fifty figures in the canvas, grouped with extraordinary power. A cabled despatch says, "The robes of Cardinal Wolsey light up the whole wall on which the picture is hung."

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THE Methodists, in their General Conference at Chicago, show a very warm interest in the army canteen, and at this writing seem likely to throw all the influence of their organization in favor of its abolition. The movement for that change seems to find its strongest backing in the Methodist Church. Congressman Johnson of North Dakota, author of the anti-canteen law which Congress passed last year, and which Attorney-General Griggs interpreted to the dissatisfaction of its friends, is a member of the General Conference Committee on Temperance. The governing sentiment about intoxicants among a majority of the Methodists who determine the policy of their Church seems to be that the use of intoxicants is wrong, that the liquor traffic "can never be legalized without sin," and that the canteen system does legalize it. This sentiment favors total abstinence for members and ministers of the Methodist Church, and appears in the recommendation of a subcommittee of the conference that ministers and members should not become or remain members of clubs in which liquors are allowed. To persons who hold these views the argument that canteens where beer is sold keeps soldiers out of worse places, and worse beverages out of soldiers, has of course little force. It means to them merely the substitution of one form of sin for another. It is not enough for them that the soldier shall be temperate. They insist that he shall be abstinent, and they doubtless prefer that if he is to drink anything he shall drink the deadliest intoxicants going, and reap the worst possible consequences. Of course all Methodists do not hold these extreme views, and those who don't have lifted up their voices in the conference, but they seem to be in a minority. Not one man in ten of the general public shares the opinions of the temperance committee of the Methodist Conference on the sinfulness of drink or disapproves of the army canteen, but the opposition to the canteen is so much better organized and more active than its support that there is great danger that Congress will yield to it. What increases the danger is the opinion of a good many Congressmen that Attorney-General Griggs's interpretation of the anti-canteen law which was passed was not sound, and that the will of Congress was overruled. The testimony as to the usefulness of the canteens in promoting the general welfare of soldiers is overwhelming. If the institution is abolished through the efforts of men who are opposed on principle to moderation in drink it will certainly be an amazing result of agitation.

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THE Post-Office Department has made an interesting decision in denying the use of the mails to the American School of Magnetic Healing in Nevada, Missouri. It appears that the school practised faith-cure by the "absent treatment," and was doing a large and profitable business. Report, which may be exaggerated, says that it employed a large force of clerks, including sixty stenographers, made profits of nearly $500,000 a year, and was a highly important source of income to the town in which it was located. The "absent treatment," as most persons know, is a method of curing disease by the action of the mind of the healer when the patient is not present. Distance is no bar to the supposed efficacy of this method of healing. Christian Scientists and most other mind-curers use it more or less, and if, as appears, the Post-Office Department has decided that it is bogus, there is likely to be a serious outcry against that conclusion. Whether it is any less effectual than the common run of patent medicine is a question that might be discussed indefinitely without reaching any settlement. No doubt the authorities discriminate between wholesale faith-healing by an organized concern that advertises its business and the more restricted and modest efforts of individuals in the same direction.

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THE conference of the week before last on the negro question, at Montgomery, Alabama, was very interesting and very successful, in that a good many able men expressed their sentiments freely about the present condition and future prospects of the negro, and the means that should be taken to promote his progress in civilization. The opinions submitted differed widely as to conditions, prospects, and means, but all the speakers got a fair and tolerant hearing. Mr. C. R. Breckinridge, of Arkansas, spoke forcibly against lynching; our Mr. Bourke Cockran and others advocated the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment and the disfranchisement of negroes. Governor McCorkle of West Virginia opposed the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment, but favored a restricted suffrage for whites and blacks. Mr. Cockran praised industrial education, as did others. Another speaker said it was no cure for race conflict, and that the only thing to do was to separate the races by moving the negroes away. Dr. Barringer of the University of West Virginia declared that the negro was degenerating physically and mentally, and would eventually disappear. Some other speakers agreed with him. Others disagreed, going so far as to hold that the progress of the American negro since the war had, on the whole, been wonderful, and far more rapid than the progress of the Russian serfs since their emancipation.

If the proceedings and speeches of the conference are published they will form a very comprehensive and informing book, which readers who are interested in the problems of the South may study with profit. To Northern readers it seems at present very unlikely that the Fifteenth Amendment will ever be repealed, though the suffrage may be restricted, either by law for whites and blacks alike, or in practice for blacks alone, as at present. The wholesale deportation of negroes from the South seems an impractical idea and of very doubtful efficacy if feasible. Industrial education seems exceedingly successful and likely to spread, and better schools and more of them for whites and blacks both seem to be essential to order and progress. There are all sorts of stories about negro degeneration and the reverse, but when the right person undertakes to help any given lot of negroes and goes about it in the right way, and has a little help and something to work with, he seems to succeed. It is largely a missionary enterprise, and calls for a missionary spirit, but the stories of the success of the founders of many of the industrial schools, working with very limited means but with a heroic spirit, is vastly encouraging. Good white people and good black people seem to live harmoniously together in the South. The problem seems to be chiefly to raise the average intelligence and the average morality of both races, and the means best adapted to accomplish that seem to be more schools, more gospel, the development of manufactures and agriculture, and a better administration of law.

The MESSAGE of PRESIDENT McKINLEY

by APOLINARIO MABINI formerly SECRETARY OF STATE in AGUINALDO'S CABINET

WE cannot resist the desire to write a few words in answer to the annual message which was read in both Chambers of Congress on the 5th of December last, as far as it concerns the Philippine Islands. We think that whatever effort is made towards a sincere interpretation of the feelings of the Filipino people, with a view to the most successful solution of the problem, means doing a good service, not only to the Filipinos, but quite as much to the United States of America.

Let us, however, not forget the particular circumstances under which we are writing; we shall not abuse a liberty we owe to the generosity of our political enemies. We shall speak, not as wrongly so-called "insurrectos," but as "Americanistas" who have not ceased to be Filipinos; we shall speak as men of sound judgment, who over the conveniences of the body do not forget those of the intellect; we are going to give a true echo of the public opinion which is the least inclined towards war, without preaching the ideals we have sustained and still sustain, under the impulse of our personal convictions.

The President alludes to a manifesto which he had published when the treaty at Paris was concluded, announcing to the Filipinos that "the Americans had not come as invaders and conquerors, but as friends to protect the natives in their homes, occupations, religion, and personal rights." We find it necessary to make an explanation in regard to this matter. Has the American government ever asked itself whether at any time there has been in existence (in the Philippine Islands) such a thing as personal and religious rights, to say nothing of the inviolability of the Filipino's home and of his liberty of occupation? Let us state that our homes, properties, and personal rights or liberties have been, under the Spanish rule, entirely at the mercy of the discretionary and all-powerful faculties of the Spanish Governor-General in these islands, and that consequently they never existed and they do not exist to-day. Have you come to establish them? If so, you ought to declare them from the outset.

The message goes on to say that the sinister ambitions of a few Filipino leaders created, on arrival here of the American commission, a situation full of embarrassments for Americans and of fatal consequences for the Filipinos, whilst the aspiration of the most prominent of these leaders, after his return from Hong-kong, had been simply to free the islands from the Spanish yoke. We shall say nothing as to the first point, lest, if we were to contest it, they might say we were writing in favor of the revolutionaries; let us pass it with the remark that the report of the commission leaves much to wish for as to impartiality, having been constantly biassed under the influence of the excitement produced by the rupture of hostilities. But admitting as certain the second point, we would ask, must the Filipino people, when grown tired of the Spanish yoke, necessarily have had no other aim in view but that of submitting themselves to a new yoke, or may they not perhaps have aspired to an improvement of their condition? Even were we to look on them as being in a savage state and void of all culture, we cannot possibly deny them the natural inclination towards a better life, a thing we find even in irrational beings. On the other side, we must suppose that the American people honestly wish to improve the standing of the Filipinos and are not going to put them under a yoke even harder than the former, whilst hiding their real purpose only under soft words, because we cannot believe that they were ever to renounce the right of holding up their heads proudly before mankind and history, nor to disavow their [glorious*] past and their traditions. Neither will they manifestly recall the arguments, founded in true humanity, they alleged before the world in justification of the war against Spain, and of their desire to retain at whatever cost the Philippine Islands.

As we are writing not with an object of propagating our ideals, but simply in order to inform the American public of the real wishes of the Filipino population, serving in so doing the holy cause of peace, we will briefly state the historical why and wherefore of the Philippine revolution, as necessary in order to better understand the means of improvement that may be offered to the Filipinos. The death of three Philippine priests, Burgos, Gomez, and Zamara (shot in 1872), produced a notable change in the sentiments of the people. El Padre Burgos had been extremely popular because he defended the rights of the native clergy; his violent death, therefore, was deeply felt, and produced a general protest of indignation. It is true that this protest did not outpass the four walls of the native's house and the narrow circle of confidential friends, because the Spanish authorities kept most cruel punishments in reserve for that kind of manifestation of independent judgment on the part of natives, but just because the general indignation could not utter itself it grew more and more in intensity.

Later on several young Filipinos went to Spain, not only in search of higher education, but also to expose to the Spanish public the real wants of the Philippine people, which, instead of being given attention to, had been studiously kept in the dark and repressed by the Spanish authorities at the instigation of the friars (religious corporations). Those young Filipinos, in order to make themselves heard, founded a paper at the expense of the Philippine people, and demanded the regulation (regularization) of the Governor-General's faculties; Philippine representation in the Spanish legislative body; liberty of press, of cults, and of association; the prohibition of certain governmental proceedings (expedientes), by which a man was condemned without being heard, and the domicile and correspondence violated on mere secret denunciation; the secularization of parishes (parachies); the equalization of the Filipinos to Spaniards in all political and civil rights, and in the participation of public appointments; great facilities and few obstacles for agriculture, industry, and commerce; in one word, the promulgation in these islands of the Spanish Constitution, and complete assimilation of the same equal to that of any in the Spanish provinces on the Continent.

The Spaniards turned deaf ears on these demands under the pretext that they were the work of some few "idealists," and saying, always at the instigation of the friars interested in maintaining the *status quo*, that the people were still in a savage state, just the same as nowadays the Americans will not hear the demands made by the revolutionaries, under the pretext that the insurrection is the work of only a few ambitious Tagalo leaders.

With these dates we think we have sufficiently proved that the revolution is not the work of a few idealists or ambitious persons, but that it was that of the people themselves, and also that the people do not sustain it unconsciously and instigated only by a few individuals, but that they know full well and since long years back what they are fighting for, and by what aspirations they are impulsed to it. The very sorrow and indignation they feel over the abuses and questionable acts of some of the insurgent leaders go to prove our statement.

Now it is easier to answer the question, How are we to obtain peace? All will agree with us that the most efficient and certain way is that the American Congress give to the Filipinos what these were not able to obtain from Spain. Which is the form of government most in keeping with the aspirations of the people? We know three: Annexation of the Philippine Islands under the form of a State; autonomy like that of Canada and Australia; or independence with a protectorate. With a government like that of India, advocated by Professor Schurman, the people are gaining nothing, and we believe that with such an offer peace can only be imposed by force; but then peace as a result of force will not last, nor is it a warrant that the obligation will be fulfilled which the Americans have taken over with regard to the protection of foreign interests and properties.

It will be said that Paterno's cabinet, when coming into power, proposed as a programme of their government autonomy like that of Canada, and that the immense majority of the revolutionary people did not accept it. Sure that we are not camp-followers (partidarians) of autonomy, we do not hesitate to repeat what we have already repeated elsewhere on various occasions—*i. e.*, that we would accept autonomy only if we shall have to convince ourselves that the people are not prepared to sacrifice themselves for something better. But we must remember that the autonomy proposed by Paterno's cabinet was a patent violation of the very Constitution they themselves had voted for as members of the Filipino Congress, and on the promulgation of which they had insisted to the extreme of threatening with a scandal if the cabinet then in power were to object. Nevertheless, who knows if, in case Señor Paterno had been successful in his plans and obtained derogation of the Constitution, he would have been able to present a formal offer of autonomy by the Americans? It is true that neither the commission nor the American generals could offer more than President McKinley is offering, who in his message says of the Philippines, more or less, the following: If we are successful in stamping out the insurrection within a short time, we will do with the Filipinos what seems the most convenient to us; if we are not, there is yet time to come to terms, securing all possible advantages. For our part, all we will say is this, that we beg to recommend to him, with all due respect, to be mindful of these words: Blood does not drown, but, on the contrary, exalts the just aspirations of a people.

We will now examine the reasons that induce President McKinley to recommend to Congress not to take into account the formula, independence with protectorate. Here are the reasons:

First.—"The majority of peaceful, loyal people, who desire nothing better than to accept American authority, will, with the declaration of independence, find themselves at the mercy of the armed insurgents." The loyal, peaceful Filipino majority, like those of all nations of this globe, do not wish else than tranquillity, to attain which they show a friendly face to all; but this does not impede them from hiding away in their innermost hearts the precious treasure of their ideals. The majority spoken of, in the villages occupied by American troops, is not at the mercy of the armed insurgents, but at that of native armed robbers. These latter were hiding away, before allowing themselves to be seen, in the villages, because they were afraid of the former. "Insurgents and robbers are one and the same thing;" that is what the Americans believe, because they do not know the Filipino people, and because it seems convenient.

Second.—"Independence would deprive America of the power of repressing the insurgent leaders, leaving in her charge the responsibility for the actions of the latter." The insurgents are insurgents because they desire to fight for independence; this once obtained, they will be insurgents no more.

Third.—"Independence would impose on America the task of protecting the Filipinos against any attack, and also against quarrels with foreign powers, to which they are much given."

With or without independence, they would have to undergo this task, which they have voluntarily taken upon themselves by the Treaty of Paris. Besides, have the Americans not always declared that their arrival had the precise object of protecting the Filipinos?

Fourth.—"Independence would deprive America of the faculty to declare war, which delicate prerogative would then be lodged in the hands of the Tagalog chief." Independence would not be declared without previous determination of the form of government, and as we suppose Americans and Filipinos would give the preference to a republican one, the Filipino Congress, and not the Tagal chief, would be the one who would wield the right of declaring war. If this is not sufficient, it might be determined that declaration of war made by the Philippine Congress needed the approval of the American Congress.

There will be some people who, with more or less legitimate authority, exclaim with President McKinley in his message, "Let peace be established first, and then we shall discuss your desires." This reminds us of what ex-President Cleveland, in one of his annual messages, after first stating that the Cubans did not want to lay down their arms until Spain warranted the fulfilment of her promises, and that his (Cleveland's) government had offered Spain to guarantee those promises to the Cubans if Spain would bind herself to their fulfilment, and to which offer he had received no answer whatever, said—that the Cubans were quite right, inasmuch as Spain by her attitude had proved the Cubans' suspicions to be well founded. Let us then bear in mind the words of Mr. Cleveland as an explication of the insurgents' attitude, for it is true that President McKinley has promised as good as nothing; and, for the want of his making a promise of material importance for the future, is it surprising that the insurgents were not to believe readily in it?

Before concluding we will acknowledge the skill with which Professor Schurman and President McKinley are formulating their arguments, though a close inspection discloses the sophisms they are founded on. The Filipinos are in the habit of answering such kind of arguments with a most enigmatical smile, and we therefore beg to recommend to the village people now under American rule that whenever an opportunity offers they ask of the American commanders of troops permission to assemble in a peaceful manner in order to expose, in the most polite and respectful form, their wishes and aspirations, as well as their abilities.

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* Added by translator.

We do not doubt that the Americans who are born and who have grown up under the auspices of democratic institutions and practices will grant such meetings as the most authentic means of information, in order to arrive at a precise knowledge of the wants and habits of the people. If they continue to keep silent, as up to now, the most transcendental errors might accrue, and political errors usually are not remedied without spilling blood. Thus we shall all be co-operating to drive away the dark clouds that are overhanging the future of two peoples, who, if combined, can achieve much for the sake of humanity and universal peace.

MANILA, *January* 11, 1900.

SKETCH OF SENOR MABINI'S LIFE

BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE

Perhaps no man, with the exception of Aguinaldo, stands so high in the estimation of the Filipino public as a true and earnest patriot, zealously working for the future of his country, as Señor Apolinario Mabini, the author of the foregoing article.

His life's history is an interesting one. Showing early his desire for education—which his parents had not—he went to live with his grandfather, who could read and write, and, under his tuition, he secured the rudiments of an education.

At fourteen years of age he entered a Latin school in his native village, taught by a Philippine priest, who had authorization from the Church to teach the "first three courses," which included Latin. Having mastered these simple branches, he was permitted by a dispensation to come to Manila and place himself under the tutelage of the Dominican friars of the College of San Juan de Letran. During the first year of this schooling he found that his parents were too poor to pay his monthly tuition of five dollars, so he worked at manual labor to finish the fourth course, paying his own expenses, and eking out a bare existence. At the end of the year he returned to his native village and became the assistant instructor under his first teacher, succeeding, in this way, in saving up enough money during the next two years to return to Manila and go through a two years' course of philosophy at the Catholic college.

Again he was forced to give up his studies and return as an assistant teacher for the two years following, at the end of which he began studying law, resolving to go through with this, whatever the sacrifice might be.

Between his hours of study he did odd bits of work as private secretary to various officials in the courts of justice, and finally was successful in securing permanent employment with a notary-public, whose influence ultimately obtained for him the public position of "Aspirante de Hacienda," which was followed by the position of "Advocate of the Public Treasury."

This brought him up to the year 1896, and to a time when he felt he could afford to resign from his public office and follow his legal profession as an individual, but within a month from the date of his resignation he was stricken with paralysis.

The Filipino insurrection had broken out earlier in the same year, and Mabini's determination to renounce his public position and his connection with Spanish officialism arose largely from his desire to assist his own people in their struggle for civil and Church reforms.

While it was not shown that he was taking part in or aiding the insurrection, he was suddenly arrested, although a helpless paralytic, by the Spanish officials, and thrown into a dungeon cell. By Señor Mabini's own relation, his arrest was due to the fact that he was now considered a scholar and therefore a dangerous man; this explanation is undoubtedly true, so far as it goes, but, even though helpless physically, his active brain and hands were actually hard at work formulating schemes for military and civil organization of the Filipinos.

He was permitted to languish in the horrible Spanish prison for nine months, without a hearing and without a trial, when the Governor-General Rivera, whose heart was not all of stone, gave him his liberty.

Strongly embittered now by this treatment, he laid his plans to join the insurgent forces. At the first opportunity he was secretly assisted to the province of Laguna, where he aided Don Paciano Rizal in the organization of the revolution upon a solid basis, circulating speeches and manifestoes among the public at large, which inflamed their hearts with the desire for liberty, and no doubt materially added fuel to the hatred of Spanish methods, which was already at a fierce heat.

When Aguinaldo was returned to Hongkong by the Americans, Mabini continued active in his efforts towards creating a solidarity of Filipino sentiment against the Spanish government, and, though the first insurrection had apparently been crushed through the heroic methods adopted by the Spaniards of killing off the leaders and the final purchase of Aguinaldo, it was, as a matter of fact, just taking on a concrete form, with definite ideas of what was needed rooted in the hearts of the people—a condition entirely lacking in the first sporadic uprising.

Aguinaldo immediately sent for Mabini upon his landing at Cavite. They had never met, but the insurgent leader had been much struck by what he considered an able paper written by the crippled patriot, setting forth a complete and comprehensive scheme of revolutionary organization.

At first Señor Mabini acted in the capacity of private counsellor to Aguinaldo, but, as time went on and the insurgent leaders became more and more ambitious for absolute independence, he was selected as the man best fitted to form the first cabinet of the insurgent government.

Mabini was a fierce man of war, and his cabinet was an essentially warlike one. It was through his constant representations and pleadings and his deep-rooted suspicions of all foreigners that the outbreak was urged on apace, and largely by his individual efforts has it been possible to spur on the participants in the struggle, and keep national enthusiasm alive, under all the real hardships and financial difficulties which have beset the insurgent army during the past year.

His vehement denunciations of all attempts at more pacific measures finally resulted in his retirement from active work in Aguinaldo's cabinet, through the influence of other leaders less inclined to hold out, against the overwhelming odds, for their highest ideals of self-government. He was replaced by the more diplomatic Paterno, who was willing to compromise with the American government on the basis of autonomy.

Though deposed from active work in the cabinet, Mabini has continued to be a powerful and guiding spirit in Philippine affairs, and even to-day he still continues to greatly influence his countrymen.

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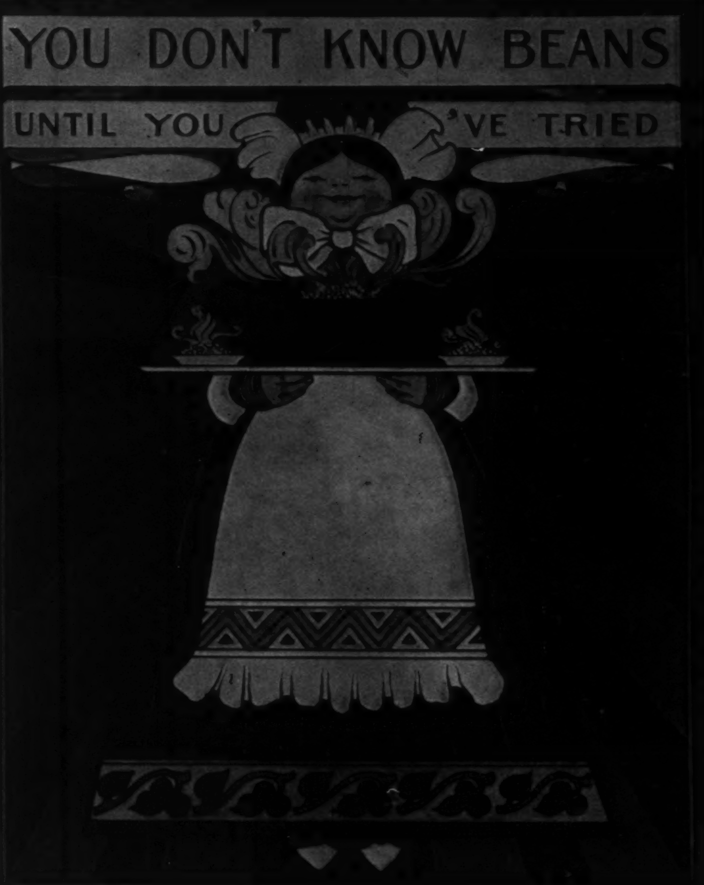

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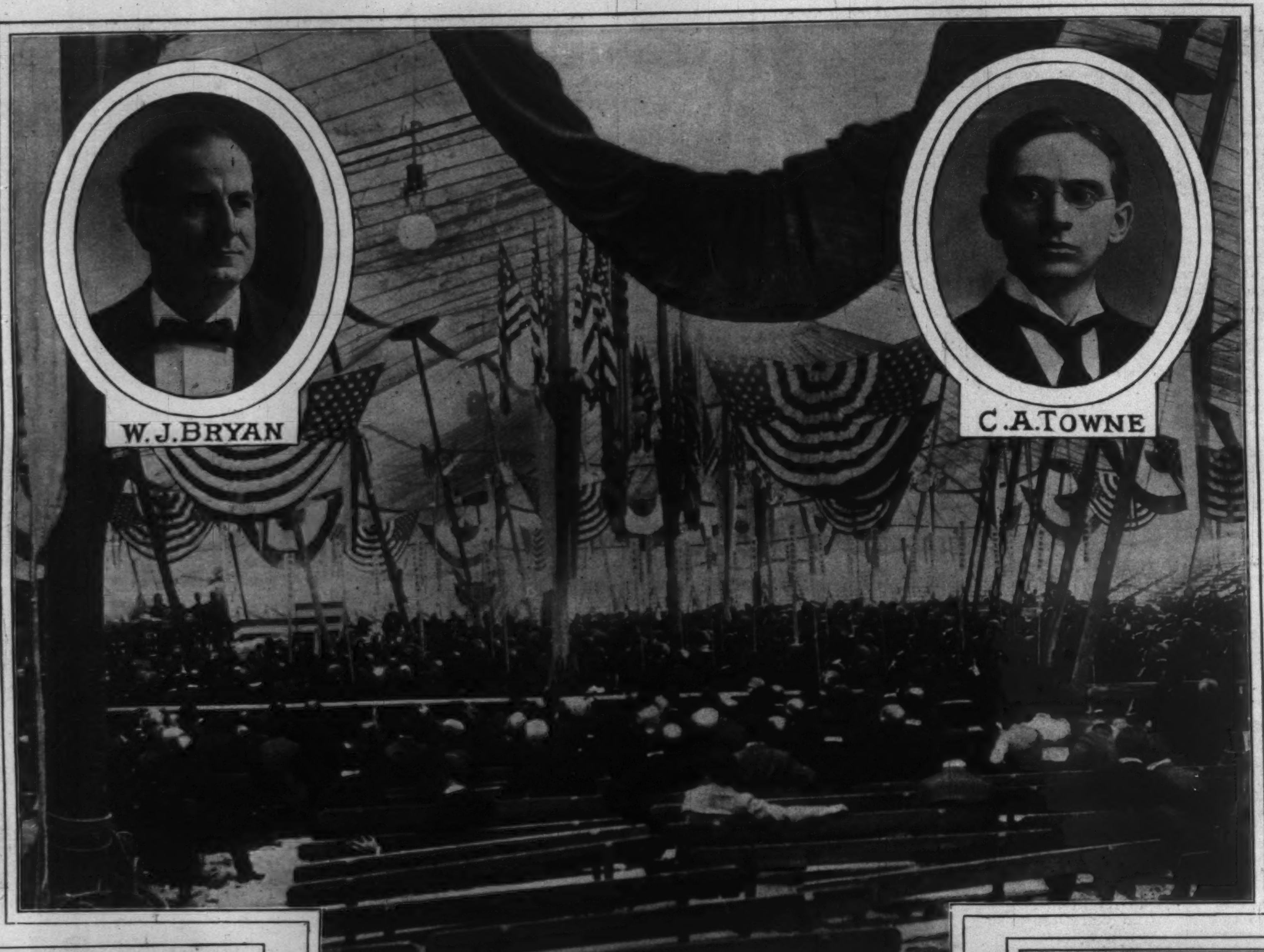
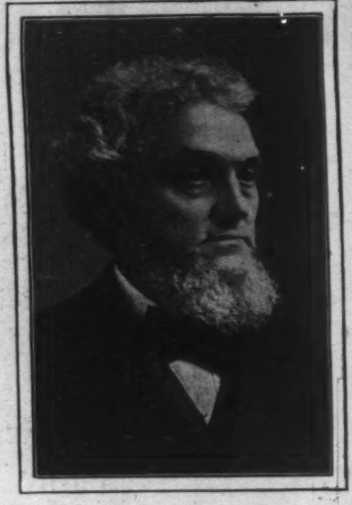
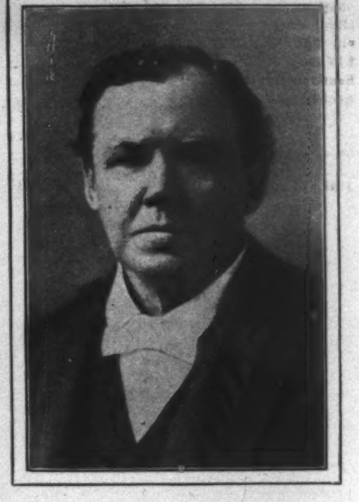




WHARTON BARKER,
Nominated for President by the "Middle of the Road" Populists.



IGNATIUS DONNELLY,
Nominated for Vice-President by the "Middle of the Road" Populists.

The Populist Conventions

TWO People's Party national conventions were held May 9, one in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and one in Cincinnati, Ohio. The latter convention represented those of the Populists who are opposed to merging their political identity with any other party, and the Sioux Falls gathering represented the fusionists, who, to accept their own statement, put principle before party existence. The Sioux Falls convention was by far the more important of the two, for the States actually represented therein were those in which the Populists hold the balance of power in a Presidential campaign. The Cincinnati delegates came largely from the South, where very large Democratic majorities are independent of fusion, and where the Democrats and Populists are often at war over local issues, thus making it necessary for the latter to maintain a separate political existence.

In Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Carolina, and even in Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, and Michigan, as well as a few other States, perfect harmony between the Populists, Democrats, and silver Republicans means a more difficult situation for the Republicans to overcome, and it was according to the local needs in these States that the delegates to the Sioux Falls convention differed as to the proper course to pursue. It was a foregone conclusion that they would be the first to present formally the name of W. J. Bryan as a candidate for the Presidency at the coming election. He was nominated upon a People's Party platform, conservative perhaps as viewed from the Cincinnati stand-point, but sufficiently Populistic in tone to avoid criticism from those of the faith. The demands of the platform of 1896 were for the free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, inflation of the money-supply, decrease in the bonded national debt, less interference by the Federal Court, an income tax, postal savings-banks, government ownership of railroads and telegraph lines, the initiative and the referendum, and the election by popular vote of the President, Vice-President, and United States Senators. All of these were repeated in the platform of 1900, and to these was added a still more strenuous financial plank, which demanded the repeal of the gold-standard law of March 14; the war in the Philippines was condemned, and the imposition of a tariff against Porto Rico likewise. The Boers were sympathized with, and the national administration condemned for interfering in the Idaho labor controversy. Exclusion laws were demanded for the Japanese as well as for the Chinese.

It was upon this platform Mr. Bryan was first nominated for his present campaign, and it seems to be generally understood that while he ignored the People's Party nomination in 1896, he will accept their nomination in 1900, after he has accepted the nomination by the Democrats at Kansas City in July, which is at this time conceded to be his without a struggle.

The most interesting feature of the Sioux Falls convention was the contest over a Vice-Presidential nomination. The delegates present were about evenly divided as to the political expediency of making any nomination at all, and up to the actual casting of the vote by States it was impossible to determine positively which side had the advantage. Primarily the question was regarded as one of principle. In reality it was a fight between Senator Marion Butler, of North Carolina, and Senator Allen of Nebraska. Senator Butler, while chairman of the Populist National Committee, has been a strong fusion and Bryan advocate. His administration of the office has not been one of unalloyed peace, for the more extreme Populists have accused him of being in league to sell out his party to the Democrats. In his State of North Carolina, Senator Butler requires the assistance of the silver Republicans to return him to the Senate. The Sioux Falls convention had before it, from which to select, three plans of procedure. One was to make the nomination for the Vice-Presidency, one to refer the matter to a committee which should confer with the Democrats in Kansas City and agree upon a nominee, and another to select five names of men who would be acceptable to the Populists and ask the Democrats to choose one of them.

Senator Butler favored a nomination, for the reason that if the matter was referred to a committee it would still leave him open to the charge of playing into the hands of the Democrats. He wanted ex-Congressman Charles A. Towne to be the nominee, so he could return to his silver Republican constituency with the prestige of having secured the nomination of a silver Republican on a Populist ticket.

With the arrival of Senator Butler at Sioux Falls appeared the boom for Mr. Towne. During the discussion of the matter Mr. Towne telegraphed his friends that he thought it would be wiser not to make a nomination, but that if one was made he would be pleased to accept. It was also stated upon apparently good authority that Mr. Bryan preferred a reference of the matter to a committee. Incidental to this talk of Towne as the Populist nominee it became more or less evident that he was a dark horse for the Vice-Presidential nomination by the Democrats at Kansas City, and that he was possibly favored by Mr. Bryan as a running mate. The matter was viewed in two ways. It was set forth by some that his nomination by the Populists would hurt his chances at Kansas City, while others believed to the contrary, and argued that his nomination at Sioux Falls by the Populists and his subsequent inevitable nomination by the silver Republicans would make him a stronger claimant for Democratic honors. The situation was embarrassing for Towne and his backers, for they could not allow any one else to be nominated. for that would have diverted the desired Populist endorsement of Towne when he was presented at Kansas City. They would have greatly preferred no nomination, but forced the matter to an issue. Some of those who opposed the nomination finally voted for Towne upon the understanding, which seems to be general, that if he was not endorsed at Kansas City he would withdraw in favor of the Democratic nominee, so as to prevent what is now termed by Populists and Democrats alike as the "Tom Watson mistake."

This convention was held in Sioux Falls to help Senator R. F. Pettigrew, of South Dakota, who hopes to bring about a fusion Legislature this fall which will return him to the Senate. He seconded Senator Butler's efforts for a nomination for personal reasons bearing on his own candidacy. This is the first time Senator Pettigrew has formally identified himself with his Populist allies, and whereas he has heretofore been classed in Washington as a silver Republican, his name must now be shifted to the Populist column. The character of the delegates who attended the Sioux Falls gathering was somewhat different from that of previous conventions of the party. The bewhiskered contingent was in the minority. The discussion developed some very creditable oratory and a great deal of political shrewdness. There is always an element of sincerity and faith in the politics of the followers [illegible] the Populist creed, which subordinates the machine to principle in their convention proceedings. It was a convention which would compare favorably in appearance with those of either of the two great parties in the same territory.

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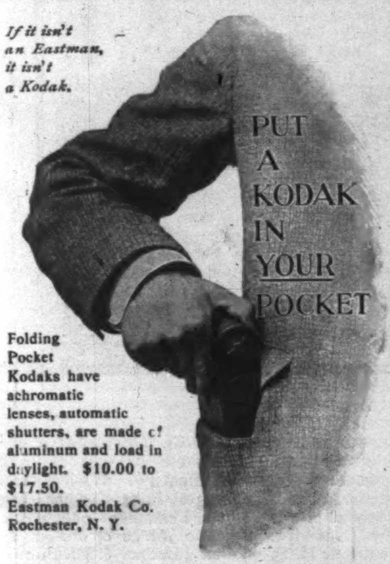

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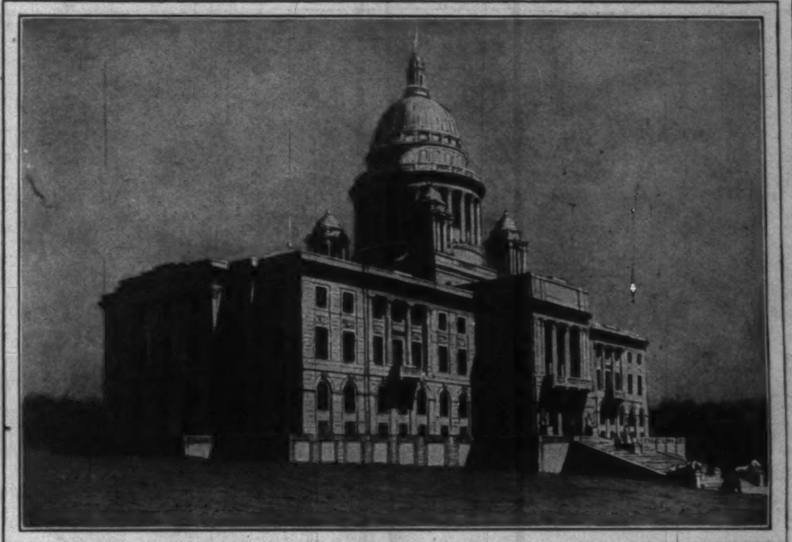

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Mr. Dooley: On Marriage and Politics[*]

"I SEE," said Mr. Hennessy, "that wan iv thim New York joods says a man in pollytics oughtn't to be marrid."

"Oh, does he?" said Mr. Dooley. "Well, 'tis little he knows about it. A man in pollytics has got to be marrid. If he ain't marrid where'll he go f'r another kind iv throuble? An' where'll he find people to support? An' unmarrid man don't get along in pollytics because he don't need th' money. Whin he's in th' middle iv a prim'ry, with maybe twinty or thirty iv th' opposite party on top iv him, thinks he to himsilf: 'What's th' good iv fightin' f'r a job? They'se no wan depindant on me f'r support,' an' he surrinders. But a marrid man says, 'What 'll happen to me wife an' twelve small childher if I don't win out here to-day?' an' he bites his way to th' top iv th' pile an' breaks open th' ballot-box f'r home an' fireside. That's th' thruth iv it, Hinnissy. Ye'll find all th' big jobs held be marrid men an' all th' tem'pry clerkships be bachelors.

"Th' reason th' New York jood thinks marrid men oughtn't to be in pollytics is because he thinks pollytics is spoort. An' so it is. But it ain't amachoor spoort, Hinnissy. They don't give ye a pewter mug with ye'er name on it f'r takin' a chanst on bein' kilt. 'Tis a profissional spoort, like playin' baseball f'r a livin' or wheelin' a thruck. Ye niver see an amachoor at annything that was as good as a profissional. Th' best amachoor ball team is beat be a bad profissional team; a profissional boxer that thrains on bock beer an' Swiss cheese can lam th' head off a goold-medal amachoor champeen that's been atin' moldy bread an' dhrinkin' wather f'r six months; an' th' Dago that blows th' cornet on th' sthreet f'r what annywan 'll throw him, can cut th' figure eight around Dinnis Finn, that's been takin' lessons f'r twinty year. No, sir, pollytics ain't dhroppin' in to tea, an' it ain't wurrukin' a scroll-saw, or makin' a garden in a back yard. 'Tis gettin' up at six o'clock in th' mornin' an' r-rushin' off to wurruk, an' comin' home at night tired an' dusty.

"Th' most domestic men in th' wurruld ar-re pollyticians, an' they always marry early. An' that's th' sad part iv it, Hinnissy. A pollytician always marries above his own station. That's wan sign that he'll be a successful pollytician. Th' throuble is th' good woman stays planted just where she was, an' he goes by like a fast thrain by a whistlin' station. D'ye mind O'Leary, him that's a retired capitalist now, him that was aldherman, an' dhrainage thrustee, an' State Sinitor f'r wan term? Well, whin I first knew O'Leary he wurruked down on a railroad section tampin' th' thrack on wan-fifty a day. He was a sthrong, willin' young fellow, with a stiff right-hand punch an' a schamin' brain, an' annywan cud see that he was intinded to go to th' fr-ront. Th' aristocracy iv th' camp was Mrs. Cassidy, th' widdy lady that kept th' boordin'-house. Aristocracy, Hinnissy, is like rale estate, a matther iv location. I'm aristocracy to th' poor O'Briens back in th' alley, th' brewery agent's aristocracy to me, his boss is aristocracy to him, an' so it goes, up to th' Czar iv Rooshia. He's th' pick iv th' bunch, th' high man iv all, th' Pope not goin' in society. Well, Mrs. Cassidy was aristocracy to O'Leary. He niver see such a stylish woman as she was whin she turned out iv a Sundah afthernoon in her horse an' buggy. He'd think to himsilf, 'If I iver can win that I'm settled f'r life,' an' iv coorse he did. 'Twas a gran' weddin'; manny iv th' quests didn't show up f'r weeks.

"O'Leary done well, an' she was a good wife to him. She made money an' kept him sthraight an' stharted him f'r constable. He won out, bein' a sthrong man. Thin she got him to r-run f'r aldherman, an' ye shud 've seen her th' night he was inaugurated! Be hivins, Hinnissy, she looked like a fire in a pawn-shop, fair covered with dimons an' goold watches an' chains. She was cut out to be an aldherman's wife, an' it was worth goin' miles to watch her leadin' th' gran' march at th' Ar-rchy Road Dimmycratic Fife an' Dhrum Corps ball.

"But there she stopped. A good woman an' a kind wan, she cudden't go th' distance. She had th' house an' th' childher to care f'r, an' her eddycation was through with. They isn't much a woman can learn afther she begins to raise a fam'ly. But with O'Leary 'twas diff'rent. I say 'twas diff'rent with O'Leary. Ye talk about ye'er colleges, Hinnissy, but pollytics is th' poor man's college. A la-ad without enough book larnin' to r-read a meal-ticket, if ye give him tin years iv polly-tical life, has th' air iv a statesman an' th' manner iv a jook, an' cud take anny job, fr'm dalin' faro bank to r-runnin' th' threasury iv th' United States. His business brings him up again' th' best men iv th' community, an' their customs an' ways iv speakin' an' thinkin' an' robbin' sticks to him. Th' good woman is at home all day. Th' on'y people she sees is th' childher an' th' neighbors. While th' good man in a swallow-tail coat is adhressin' th' Commercial Club on what we shud do f'r to reform pollytics, she's discussin' th' price iv groceries with th' plumber's wife, an' talkin' over th' back fense to th' milkman. Thin O'Leary moves up on th' boolyvard. He knows he'll get along all r-right on th' boolyvard. Th' men 'll say: 'They'se a good deal iv rugged common sinse in that O'Leary. He may be a robber, but they'se mighty little that escapes him.' But no wan speaks to Mrs. O'Leary. No wan asts her opinion about our foreign policy. She sets day in an' day out behind th' dhrawn curtains iv her three-story brown-sthone risidence prayin' that somewan 'll come in an' see her, an' if annywan comes she's frozen with fear. An' 'tis on'y whin she slips out to Ar-rchey r-road an' finds th' plumber's wife an' sets in th' kitchen over a cup iv tay that peace comes to her. By-an'-by they offer O'Leary th' nommynation f'r Congress. He know's he's fit f'r it. He's sthronger thin th' young lawyer they have now. People 'll listen to him in Wash'nton as they do in Chicago. He says, 'I'll take it.' An' thin he thinks iv th' wife, an' they'se no Wash'nton f'r him. His pollytical career is over. He wud niver have been constable if he hadn't marrid, but he might have been Sinitor if he was a widower.

"Mrs. O'Leary was in to see th' Dargans th' other day. 'Ye mus' be very happy in ye'er gran' house, with Mr. O'Leary doin' so well,' says Mrs. Dargan. An' th' on'y answer th' foolish woman give was to break down an' weep on Mrs. Dargan's neck."

"Yet ye say a pollytician ought to get marrid," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Up to a certain point," said Mr. Dooley, "he must be marrid. Afther that—well, I on'y say that, though pollytics is a gran' career f'r a man, 'tis a tough wan f'r his wife."

F. P. DUNNE.

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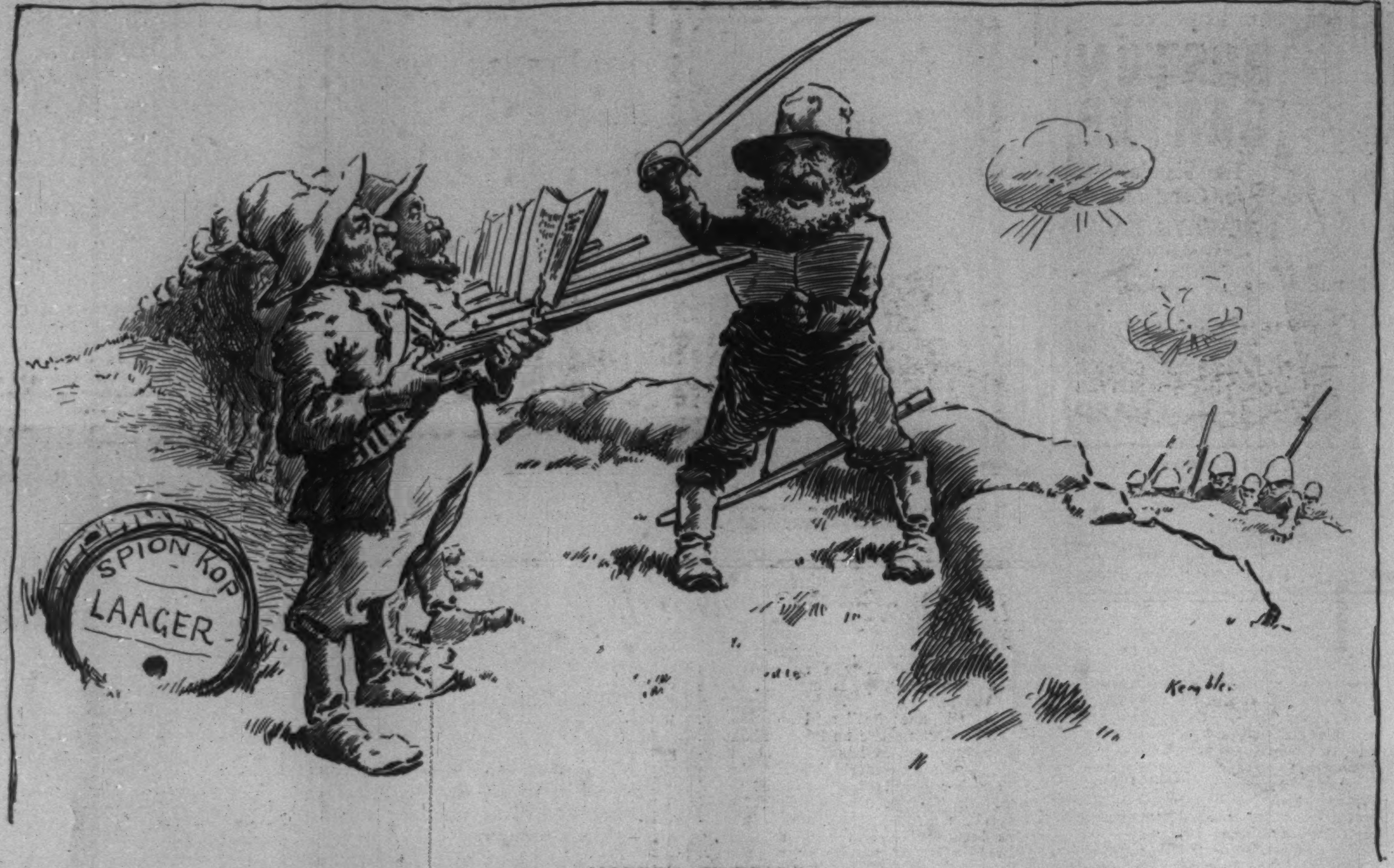

MODERN WARFARE.

COMMANDANT HANSOFF. "Now, den, sing Hymn Fifty-two, und vhen you come to de vords 'mit peace und lofe,' blaze avay eferybody!"

Notes of a Bookman

BY E. D. BEACH

FAITH-HEALERS and mystics from the shadows of the Himalayas are hardly the most interesting objects in life, and it has never been proved to us that they are particularly good subjects for works of fiction. We do not consider that even such authors as Miss Marie Corelli and Dr. Eggleston have achieved distinguished success in such works of lofty ambition as *The Soul of Lilith* and *The Faith Doctor*. The ordinary human heart has at least the disposition to be cheerful, and the ordinary human intelligence, moreover, is not disposed to have too great a violence committed upon it. In *The Seekers*, by Stanley Waterloo (Herbert S. Stone & Co.), we have a faith doctor and an Oriental mystic, and a whole houseful of scandalous and sickly people, who are finally dispersed by a mob. This is a good deal of depressing material, and we feel that it may be cordially recommended to anybody who is fitted to assimilate it, and whose desire it is to become thoroughly dejected. Mr. Waterloo does not approve of his mystic, and it is not to be charged against him that he has faith in his faith doctor; nevertheless his story is concerned with lugubrious humbugs and with very distressing forms of bodily and mental degeneration, and the influence that it is calculated to exert upon the impressionable is what we have said. The humor that is occasionally introduced suggests itself as very much detached, and it is hardly overpowering. The melancholy part of the tale is the thing; it quite submerges and engulfs the sporadic matters of health, or of approximation to health, that are permitted to be in association with it. We notice that the mob did not quite succeed in hanging Dr. Zadski, the Oriental mystic. We trust that his escape does not signify that he is going to do us the great injury of making his appearance in another book.

* * *

Lord Albury, of Albury Castle, thought that he could marry his daughter against her will to her cousin, the Earl of Avondale, an overbearing and gloomy Calvinist, and, we think we may reasonably say, a darksome villain of the bad old school. He was very much mistaken. She laughed at him, and she mocked her cousin of Avondale in a way to make it remarkable that he did not burst and perish under pressure of his angry emotions. She had a daring and even a bitter humor. Her father said to the Earl in her presence, "I do now formally promise you her hand in marriage," and she has recorded on page 86 of her story, *Mary Paget, a Romance of Old Bermuda* (Macmillan Company), the amusement that she felt in consequence. "As he said these words," she writes, "I wondered 'Which hand?' with a flash of laughter in my heart at the grewsome humor of the whim that at least I could cut off my hand, leave it with Oliver, and thus escape myself!"—and she laughed aloud and purposely at her grandfather's funeral. Earl Oliver locked her up in one of his Avondale towers, and let down bread and water in a basket in front of her window daily, but she would not eat, and he could not bend her, and when she got out she crossed the sea to the pleasant islands mentioned in the title, and then crossed back again, and she married Collingwood Paget finally, the handsome youth and hero of her choice, who had made several voyages to Bermuda, and who could talk about the Summer Islands as eloquently and as copiously as Mr. Hamlin Garland's heroes talk about Chicago. An agreeable story, balanced and archaic in its style, related without deviousness, and setting forth in the colors that they severally deserve the wickedness of selfish oppression and the wonderful power of love. Of course Mary Paget did not really write it. The author is Minna Caroline Smith, who dates her preface at Shelley Bay in Bermuda, and to her the thanks of the reader should be directed.

* * *

Bishop Whipple of Minnesota publishes a volume of reminiscences under the title of *Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate* (Macmillan Company). An excellent portrait of the Bishop is afforded in the frontispiece, and there are numerous other illustrations. The troubles with the Indians and the growth of our civilization in Minnesota are set forth in a way to compel the interest of the reader. The Bishop's travels are described, in Egypt, Palestine, and other places; and there are many anecdotes relating to his meetings with distinguished people in Europe and here, and many letters from distinguished people, some of them in *fac-simile*. Here is one of the Bishop's anecdotes: "In the beginning of the Oxford movement," he says, "men like John Henry Newman wore the dress of laymen. When Dr. Muhlenberg visited England, and saw for the first time clerical coats, he thought them most fitting, and described them to his tailor, who said to his man, 'I think he wants an M. B. coat.' Expressing his curiosity as to what an M.B. coat was, the good doctor was told that it was a secret; but it was finally divulged. "We call it the Mark of the Beast,' said the tailor." Bishop Whipple once had a call to be an English bishop in the Sandwich Islands, but he declined the honor, feeling that his duty lay in Minnesota.

* * *

It is probable that the reader who likes the broad jest, delivered with vivacity in the slang of the day, will find in *Billy Baxter's Letters*, by William J. Kountz, Jr. (Duquesne Distributing Company, Harmarville, Pennsylvania), matter to amuse him. The opera of "Die Walküre," studied by Mr. Baxter at the Metropolitan Opera House, at what he declares was the distance of a quarter of a mile, seemed to him to consist mainly of a rough-and-tumble combat between a stout lady and a stout gentleman, whom he set down as "dagoes," and who sang with great enthusiasm as they fought. He could not learn who the stout lady was. Some of those about him said it was Melba, and others said it was Nordica, and he finally decided for himself that it was May Irwin. He characterizes certain efforts of the orchestra as "trembly, Eliza-crossing-the-ice music," and describes a jewel worn by a gentleman in the family circle, in his shirt bosom, as a "near-diamond." It pleased him to observe that the stout lady, notwithstanding her bulk, was possessed of considerable agility. He bestows upon her, with evident approval, the name of "Shifty Sadie," and he was glad to see her come out of the row smiling and unimpaired, and delivered from the need of anybody ringing for an ambulance. Not always was Mr. Baxter's pursuit of pleasure in New York as innocent as the matter of his attendance at grand opera. One of his narrations deals somewhat too realistically with a drinking bout which was not creditable to him. However, the moral is admirable, for he suffered poignantly on his return to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, from which city of grime and clangor all the letters making up this little volume purport to have been indited.

* * *

Railway trains are so much greater than we are that we can only wonder at the power of the men who are set apart to handle them as though they were kittens. They may tell us what they please about influence and about rulers, but the man in the cab remains surely a tremendous individual. He can haul up at a moment's notice thousands of tons running under a fearful momentum. With a turn of his hand he can put in motion a power equal to that of the armament of a dozen battle-ships. In *The Nerve of Foley*, by Frank H. Spearman (Harper & Brothers), we have a book of railroad stories. From the incidents here narrated in Foley's case it will be understood, even by the dull-witted, what the railroad engineer amounts to. Perhaps it is not generally suspected that the man who drives a monster at lightning speed through the mystery of the night has something on his mind. This book of excellent stories will correct this ignorance. Among other awkward things in the world are the violences involved in labor strikes. Here the nerve of Foley is exhibited in the face and under the threat and terror of a strike. It is to be said that Foley was a good man, and that he could well be trusted to run an engine.

* * *

History is not always well told. Its habit is to go somewhat pompously, with a very slow arrival at the facts. This may be because the facts are difficult points at which to arrive. Mr. Richard H. Titherington's *History of the Spanish-American War* (D. Appleton & Co.) may be questioned, in the regard of absolute fairness, in Madrid. It seems to be reasonable to suspect that any true history of this one-sided war would be questioned there. Even Americans question the facts, they are so comprehensively in the American favor. This, however, is a very well-written and interesting book. We notice that General Shafter and Admiral Sampson get particular credit here. Undoubtedly they deserve it under all the rules by which credit is accustomed to be given. The "loop" of Admiral Schley is not discussed, we believe. It may have been a loop of mere ornamentation, which historians do not feel themselves called upon to discuss. We find in this history no mention of civilians capturing block-houses and securing flags. This leads us to suspect for an unworthy moment that there have been some exaggerated reports of the operations by force in Cuba; but we are unwilling to believe, upon reflection, that all the things which we have read and which have stirred our blood are not exactly the case, whether formal historians declare them or whether they do not. Nevertheless, as we have said, Mr. Titherington has made a very readable history.

Phya Prasiddhi

NEW SIAMESE ENVOY AT WASHINGTON

THE diplomatic corps at Washington has been undergoing a number of changes within the past few weeks, and still others are slated for the near future. The Japanese and Korean ministers plenipotentiary have been transferred to European posts, and, like several of the South-American legations, their missions are in the care of chargés d'affaires. The announcement has been received at the State Department of the appointment of a Persian envoy, who will arrive during the summer, and who will be the first representative of the Shah's kingdom at our capital in a number of years.

The latest addition to the corps is Phya Prasiddhi, the Siamese plenipotentiary, who presented his credentials to President McKinley a few days ago in the most gorgeous of Oriental silken court robes. More than usual interest attaches to this announcement, as Minister Prasiddhi is said to be one of the most distinguished statesmen of his country, and that his appointment is largely due to our new policy in the Far East, and that it is the hope of the Siamese government that he may be enabled to open up much larger commercial relations than have heretofore existed between the two countries. Minister Prasiddhi, who was born in Bangkok, is about forty or forty-five years of age, and was educated in the native schools of Siam and in France. Upon reaching his majority he entered the army, and shortly afterwards was sent as military attaché to the Siamese legation at Paris, where he prosecuted a thorough study of military tactics and the languages of Europe. After remaining there for some years, he returned to Siam, but in so doing he made a tour of England, Canada, and the United States, and familiarized himself with the various forms of government and the inventions and improvements of each country.

At Bangkok he resumed his military duties, and in 1893 he was appointed High Commissioner — a position somewhat equivalent to the Governor of one of the States—of the province of Korat. Korat is one of the largest and most progressive of the provinces of Siam; it has a population of 4,000,000 people, and the longest line of railroad in the kingdom runs through it. The new Commissioner, who had a practical knowledge of civil engineering, inaugurated an extensive system of improvements. Under his supervision the railroad was completed from Korat to Bangkok, a net-work of irrigating and transportation canals was built throughout the province, and good roadways were laid out. He established a police force, and had the first census taken which was ever made of the province, and in every way advanced the interests of the country, and by his intelligent administration brought the people to a higher state of civilization.

In addition to his remarkable executive ability, Phya Prasiddhi is a scholar of no mean attainments. He is a graduate of law, and is an authority on the legal questions of his own country.

FINANCE

BY A.K.FISKE

AT the time of the erratic movement of the American Steel and Wire Company, which first set up the cry of overdoing, there was much denunciation of any voice that dared intimate that there was a check in the flowing tide of "prosperity." But now there is no doubt that the urgent demand for iron and steel products during the year 1899 did cause a certain amount of over-production and push prices higher than they could be sustained. Not only were some of the mills of the Steel and Wire Company and of the Federal Steel Company, which furnished it with rods, shut down, but there was a general slowing up of speed and lowering of prices to work off accumulated stocks and encourage new orders. There was no violent reaction and no sign of disaster, but a recognition of the fact that the pace of last year could not be kept up. The moderating of activity and of prices was a wholesome movement of conservatism, and will leave the industry in a sound condition, whereas a continuous "booming" would have brought trouble.

There has been a very general lowering of prices in the metal trades, though they are still at a profitable level, and high compared with those of past years. The effect has been felt throughout many branches of manufacturing, where production had been stimulated by unusual demands after the revival of prosperity, and prices had been carried above the normal level. There is no sign of depression, but many indications of comparative quiet during the summer. Affairs are going at a more leisurely pace. People have sufficiently caught up with requirements to be able to "let up" for a while. Many are going abroad or have gone; some hesitate, on account of the coming Presidential campaign, though there are no symptoms of alarm on account of it, and there is a general disposition to take breath and let matters readjust themselves to more settled conditions. Meantime the winter wheat crop is coming out well, and the signs are generally promising for another season. The effect of high prices, especially for coal and iron, is seen abroad as well as in this country, and things are quieting down throughout the industrial field in Europe. There seems to be a little uneasiness lest the lowering of prices here may result in unloading any surplus stock that we have been accumulating upon the European market.

The rates for money have become a little easier in London and on the Continent. The Bank of England has been drawing gold from Russia, which has relieved the situation in London somewhat, while the Bank of France has obtained a considerable amount from this country. Within the month ending with May 20 something over $9,000,000 in gold was shipped from New York, mostly to Paris in the latter half of the period. None of this has been for the settlement of balances, but a small profit was paid upon it to meet the requirements of the banks in France. The softening of the rates for loans abroad has had an effect upon exchange, and indicates that the need of an interchange of gold between this country and Europe has been pretty well relieved. Money has continued easy here, with rates practically unchanged, and the condition of the banks is considered a favorable one.

The stock-market has continued to be mostly in the hands of professional speculators, who have operated chiefly in the industrial shares of uncertain value. The listed steel stocks have been irregular, and for the most part rather weak. The shares of the American Sugar Refining Company have been an uncertain factor, subject to much manipulation. One incident has been a stockholder's suit against the company to compel it to make a full and explicit statement of its financial condition, the action being based upon allegations that the surplus has been used to fight competition, by reducing the price of sugar at the expense of legitimate dividends. American Tobacco Company attracted attention by having the "ticker" removed from its offices, for which it got some credit as an indication that its managers would give more attention to manufacturing tobacco and less to speculating in stocks; but they will probably have no difficulty in keeping track of the market. Gas furnishes another element of uncertainty in the stock-market, which is so useful to speculators, because little is known of the internal affairs of the gas companies or the prospects of peace or war between them where they are rivals in the same field. The People's Gas Company of Chicago contributes much to speculative activity in New York of late.

The railroads begin to feel slightly the slackening of business activity, but their shares figure to a minor degree in stock operations. They are mostly held for investment or change hands on a considerable scale only with a view to affecting the management of roads or systems. The Pennsylvania has lately borrowed $16,000,000 for two years at four per cent., mostly from New York banks, presumably for completing recent operations in extending its system, especially in acquiring control of the Long Island Railroad. This is generally believed to be preliminary to a closer association between the Pennsylvania and the New York Central, and a possible connection of tracks. Missouri Pacific has also been attracting attention on reports of powerful interests coming in to take part in amalgamating a great system in the Southwest, from St. Louis to New Orleans and Galveston.

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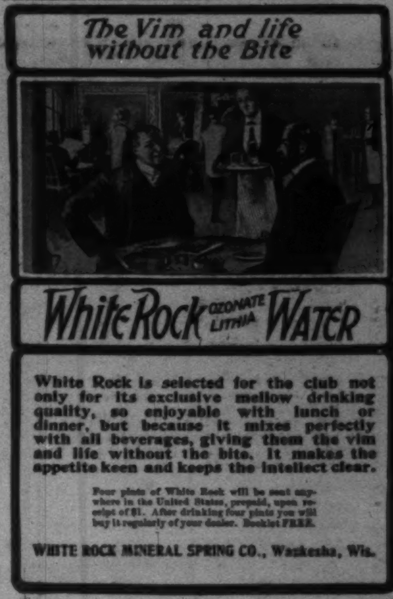

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